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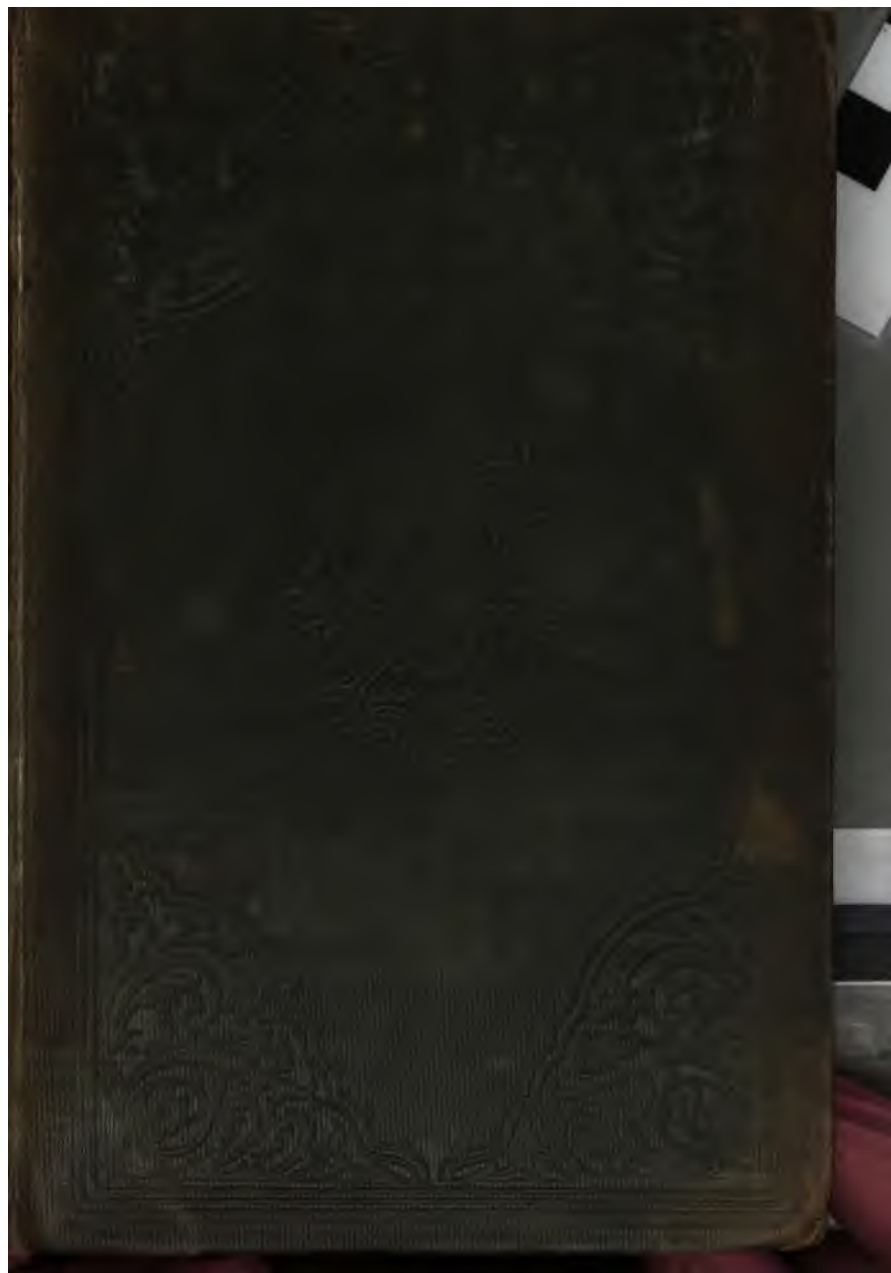
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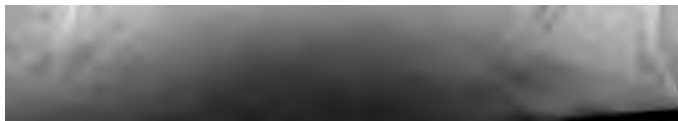
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JAMAICA,
WITH THE
PARTICULARS OF AN EVENTFUL PASSAGE HOME
VIA
NEW YORK AND HALIFAX,
AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE
AMERICAN WAR IN 1812;
TO WHICH ARE ADDED, TRIFLES FROM ST. HELENA
RELATING TO NAPOLEON AND HIS SUITE.

BY B. J. VERNON,
LATE CHAPLAIN TO THE H. E. I. C.

LONDON:
WHITTAKER AND CO., AVE MARIA LANE.
J. VINCENT, OXFORD.
1848.

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TO
GEORGE VANDEPUT DRURY, ESQUIRE,
OF SHOTOVER HOUSE,
IN THE COUNTY OF OXFORD.

MY DEAR SIR,—It has been well observed, that “In a country like England, where there is such free and unbounded scope for the operation of intellect, and where opinion and example have such weight with the people, every gentleman of fortune and leisure should feel bound to employ himself.”

If all individuals of this class felt the obligation, and endeavoured to discharge it, as you do ;—if they would promote the welfare of their dependents by providing occasional means of recreation, to keep them from the ruinous pleasures of the alehouse,—by *making* employment on their own estates, for the unoccupied, when work is scarce,—by clothing the naked and feeding the hungry, in cases of real, but temporary distress ;—it would be happy indeed for the labouring classes in their respective neighbourhoods ; happy for themselves ; happy for the nation at large.

That you may be abundantly blest in this philanthropic course, and long preserved to encourage others by your salutary example, is the earnest prayer of,

My dear Sir,

Your obliged and affectionate friend and servant,

THE AUTHOR.

During a long and tedious convalescence, I have found amusement in recording the following trifles. I do not expect others to read them with much interest ; but, it was impossible to review the most eventful period of my younger days, without finding benefit to myself. I could not recall the toil and trouble and danger encountered in the passage from Jamaica to England, without lifting up my heart in grateful acknowledgments to the Giver of all good, for so many unmerited mercies and providential interpositions in my behalf.

CHAPTER I.

SINGULAR EFFECT OF TOUCHING A LIZARD—CHANGES OF COLOUR—SNAKES—NOT VENOMOUS—ONE EXCEPTION MENTIONED BY MR. BECKFORD—POWER OF FASCINATION—YELLOW SNAKES—DESTRUCTIVE TO POULTRY—STARTLED BY ONE—WATER WITHE.

JAMAICA is the largest of the British West India Islands. It has been so frequently described by abler hands, that I shall not attempt a delineation of the incomparable beauties of its scenery, nor any detail of its statistics. For the latter task, a lapse of thirty years has totally disqualified me; and the most gifted pen would be found scarcely equal to the due performance of the former.

Most persons are aware that it has been in our possession since the days of Cromwell; in whose time it was taken from the Spaniards by an armament under the command of Penn and Venables. It is equally well known that its latitude is between $17^{\circ} 44'$ and $18^{\circ} 34'$ North, and its longitude between $75^{\circ} 51'$ and $80^{\circ} 22'$ West.

But, with such matters I have little to do, my business lies with its negroes, birds, and reptiles and some trifling natural phenomena, which at the time filled my youthful mind with wonder, greatly excited my curiosity, and made a vivid impression on my memory.

This interesting island abounds in snakes and lizards, which during a residence of two or three years in the mountains, were a source of amusement to a younger brother and myself. The latter are in great variety, and some of them of remarkable beauty—one kind, about six inches long, is marked in diamond-shaped squares of various hues, resembling tinsel, of blue, gold, silver and black. The negroes called it the “Yellow snake’s waiting boy,” I suppose by way of testifying their admiration of its gaudy livery.

We used frequently to feed a tribe of these at the window, with small pieces of raw meat, and they soon became tolerably familiar.

I remember my surprise on touching one with the tip of my finger, about an inch from the extremity of its tail, to find that it immediately separated at the spot. I was cruel enough to repeat the experiment on several others, at various times, using the utmost gentleness, but always with the same dire effect; wherever my finger came in contact with the tail, there it divided and fell off.

I have been recently told that travellers in Italy
have w *the same result.*

Another, and to my taste the most splendid specimen, was a large lizard from eight to ten inches long. On first beholding it in a state of perfect repose it would appear of a brilliant light green, as it were semi-transparent. On clapping my hands, or shaking the bough on which it rested, it would start, and instantly become curiously mottled with brown; a repetition of the noise or shaking would cause it to assume a darker colour, and a second repetition would generally change it to one uniform black.

I would then retire a few paces, and in perfect stillness, watch the gradual return to its original colour. It was a kind of natural dissolving view in miniature. The black would fade through all the different shades of brown; at one stage it was beautifully mottled; by almost imperceptible degrees every vestige of the darker colour would disappear, and its delicate and pellucid green coat return in all its beauty.

It commonly occupied from five to ten minutes to complete these changes. If, after they were accomplished, I frightened the same reptile again, it required a longer time to perfect them, and indeed, I seldom had the patience to wait for the result. In cold weather this lizard is rarely visible; but if met with, it is then of a brown colour.

The Negroes called it the Guana; but I believe it to be the "Bullaris" of naturalists.

The Guana or Iguana is thus described in works on natural history. "Long round tail; back serrated; the throat crest denticulated. It grows to a considerable size, sometimes it is three, four, or five feet long. The general colour is green shaded with brown. The back is strongly serrated, which as well as the denticulations of the pouch at the throat, give it a formidable appearance. Guanas make a considerable part of the subsistence of the inhabitants of the Bahama Islands, for which purpose they visit many remote Islands in their sloops to catch them, which they do by dogs trained for the purpose. The flesh is easy of digestion." *

Small black snakes were very numerous, perfectly harmless, though bold when invaded, and would fight with resolution.

Accompanied by a terrier, I one day came suddenly on several of these basking in the sun. The dog seemed disposed to attack them; which I encouraged. As he rushed towards them barking furiously, two or three of the larger ones appeared determined to cover the retreat of the others. They raised themselves on end, and one after the other darted at his nose; having each inflicted a bite which elicited a simultaneous yelp from Pincher, they hastened away after their companions. On examining the dog's nose, it was spotted with blood from small punctures, such as might have been in

* See Cyclop. Lizard.

flicted by the point of a sharp needle—not the slightest swelling ensued, nor did he appear to suffer the least inconvenience; from which I set them down to be perfectly innocuous.

I never met with, or heard of, any venomous snake, and therefore readily yielded to the commonly received opinion, that every species of this reptile found in Jamaica, was harmless.

Mr. Beckford's experience however, contradicts this. Since writing the above I have met with his "Descriptive Account of the Island of Jamaica," published in 1790; at the 368th page, vol. i. he says:—

"I was once very severely bitten by a little brown snake, which wound itself round my leg, and which did not inflict it's wound until it was accidentally trodden upon; and while it lay writhing under my foot it made two or three repeated and painful attacks. I could not put my leg to the ground, and my face began to turn black, when I was comfortably relieved by a friction of sweet oil and laudanum. I should not have mentioned this trifling incident, did not a vulgar error prevail, that makes this reptile of every species harmless."

The black snakes feed largely upon lizards; the smaller kinds of which I have seen them catch. Once I had an opportunity of witnessing their power of fascination, i. e. of frightening the poor defenceless victim to a stand-still.

Walking over a piece of ruinate^b which had been recently cut, and was then thickly studded with small stumps three or four feet high, I observed a common lizard coming in great haste towards me, as if frightened at something, and run half-way up one of these stumps. I knew it was not me he feared. Being curious to discover the cause of his alarm, I stood still. In a few seconds a slight rustling among the dry leaves and bushes on the ground, indicated the approach of a snake, which I perceived to be gliding along towards the unfortunate lizard's resting-place. The lizard could, with ease, have gained the top of the stump; or he might have sought shelter on the opposite side of it, where he would have been hidden from the view of his enemy. But he seemed to be deprived of all power of flight, with his head turned to one side, and his little sharp eye fixed on the approaching snake. In this attitude he remained perfectly motionless, and was unresistingly seized and swallowed head-foremost.

I had the cruelty to drive another lizard to the same place. The instant he caught sight of the snake a like paralyzing effect was produced upon him. He turned his head, and fixed his eye on the object of his dread, as the former one had done; and was, in like manner, seized and swallowed in

^b Wood which had been felled some years before and allowed to grow again.

his turn. I completed my boyish cruelty by killing the snake.

There was more excuse perhaps for waging a war of extermination against the more formidable yellow snake. Some of these I have been amused to see exhibited in this country, under the more imposing name of Boa Constrictor. They were very destructive to poultry, and in consequence were never spared when met with.

One morning at an early hour, an old negress, who from her peculiarly misshapen form and exaggerated features had been derisively named Venus, and who had charge of the poultry, came to my bed-room door in a state of great excitement and alarm, crying out, "Young Massa, make haste come! big big yellow snake da nyam de chicken." I arose in haste and proceeded with her to the stockhouse.

A hen had, on the previous evening, been carefully shut up in a coop with six half-grown chickens, to secure them from the rats; during the night an enormous snake had squeezed himself through the bars and devoured three of the brood. Having satisfied his appetite for the time, he lay coiled up in huge folds at the bottom of the coop. The poor hen and her three remaining chickens were strutting to and fro upon their torpid enemy, uttering uneasy cries. I held in my hand a cutlass; having roused the gorged monster by a sharp prick with its point,

with a loud hiss he darted his head through the bars, and gave me a favourable opportunity of cutting it off; which I was not slow in effecting, to the great satisfaction of Venus. She liberated the hen and chickens from their doleful confinement, and with some difficulty I removed the carcass of the snake, in which were visible three protuberances, distinctly marking the positions of the chickens he had swallowed. He measured about nine feet in length, and the same number of inches round the thickest part. I usually carried a cutlass in my daily walks, and destroyed many of these destructive creatures.

One day, as I was shooting in the woods, being tired and thirsty, I deposited my gun and game on a rock, and looked round for some means of quenching my thirst; which I had often found in natural reservoirs formed by the spurs of large trees, which sometimes contained more than a gallon of cool and wholesome water. One of these I soon discovered, and joyfully climbed up several feet, by the help of large vines which twined round the tree. On gaining the desired height, I stooped my head, to ascertain if any water remained in the hole. A yellow snake had been before-hand with me; and ere I could clearly make out what the object really was, I found his head within an inch or two of my nose. It will be readily supposed I made a hasty retreat; and as he remained

quiet, I left him in undisputed possession of his bath. This adventure prevented my seeking refreshment from similar sources in future.

During a walk with the driver, named "Cub-benna," to inspect the Negro provision grounds, I asked him how the runaways managed to get sufficient water in long continued dry seasons. "Oh!" said he, "plenty water-withe in de wood." I was curious to see this "water-withe," and desired him to point it out if we should meet with any in our route, which we soon did. It resembled a large grape vine about as thick as my wrist, and rose perpendicularly from the ground to the top branches of a lofty tree. My companion with his cutlass separated a portion of it, about a yard long, which he reversed, and a small stream of pure cool water flowed from it. Having tasted it, I wished to shew the singular production to my friends, and carried it home with great care in a horizontal position. After a walk of two or three miles, during which much escaped, it half-filled a small tumbler with liquid which could not be distinguished from the purest spring-water.

CHAPTER II.

CATTLE PRESERVED IN DROUGHT BY PLANTAIN TREES—
IMPATIENT CONDUCT OF A NEGRO—SINGULAR PHENOMENON—SINK HOLES—NARROW ESCAPE OF AN
OVERSEER—PHOSPHORESCENT WOOD.

“ WE are told that the early Spanish historians, for Jamaica, wrote Haymaca, which in the language of the nation is said to have signified a country abounding in springs. The number of it's rivers being reckoned at above one hundred.”^c Nevertheless, some mountain districts are but scantily provided with this necessary. Many estates have to rely on a precarious supply caught in tanks during the rainy season. These frequently fail in long periods of drought; and I have known the drippings from cuttings of the Plantain tree suspended over a basin, to be used in such an emergency. The lives of cattle were often preserved by these trees being chopped up and thrown to them. I have often relieved my thirst in a plantain walk, by plunging the blade of a knife, or, what was

^c See Cyclop. Jamaica

better, a large thorn from the orange or citron, into one of the trees; a small cool "jet d'eau" would follow its removal, in sufficient quantity, but not equal in quality to that from the water-withe. The plantain impregnated it with it's own juice, which was somewhat bitter and astringent.

In one long dry season the ponds in the pastures had failed, and the only tank, on which we depended for culinary purposes and washing, had rapidly decreased to the depth of a few inches from the muddy bottom; and, indeed, had become little better than a mass of living animalcules—cattle were dying daily—we ourselves in no comfortable plight, found relief from parching thirst in a fortunate abundance of shaddocks, oranges, pines, &c. But, nothing is an efficient substitute for water from the spring. A slave was despatched to a distance of several miles, with a mule and pair of breakers, for a supply. The clouds had been gathering for several days, and we were tantalized by every indication of approaching rain, which constantly ended in disappointment. In due time the messenger returned. When he had arrived within sight of the house, the clouds suddenly burst and sent forth a torrent. The negro naturally impatient and passionate, overcome with rage at having undergone the fatigue, (of what he now considered a useless mission,) actually upset the breakers in his fury, and presented himself before

his master without bringing one drop of water. The rain also had ceased too soon to afford an opportunity of catching any quantity; and the sulky slave was justly punished, by being compelled to repeat his errand that night, and finally came back again with well filled casks.

Many mountain districts appeared to be based on a foundation of limestone rock, curiously honey-combed with perpendicular calibres, varying from a diameter of many feet, to the size of the bore of a pocket pistol. This, to my youthful mind, accounted for a sudden and deep sinking of the soil in many places, during the rainy season. It was no uncommon thing to find in the morning, a large chasm yawning in a place over which you had walked the day before, of considerable depth, and occasionally, unfathomable.

I once witnessed a phenomenon of this nature which took place in the day time.

Our house stood on a rising ground commanding a view of several pastures of rich guinea grass, which lay before it. The periodical rains had commenced; and for several preceding days thunder had pealed, lightnings flashed, and heavy clouds discharged their burden. My father and I were walking up and down a large room, occasionally looking through the windows at a considerable body of water, which had collected in a low spot in one of these pastures, and which covered, probably, half

an acre of grass. He observed that it would be a great advantage to the estate if the water were to remain where it was; and said, we must contrive to make a good tank there, since the rain runs so freely to the spot.

We turned away and resumed our walk. A few minutes afterwards he cast his eyes again towards it, and hastily exclaimed, look! look! it is all gone!

I ran to the window. All the water had indeed disappeared. Curiosity induced me to go instantly to the place, which I approached with great caution. Taking a circuitous route, I gained the side of an abrupt hill immediately above it, and looked down, in astonishment, upon an immense hole of irregular shape, five or six yards long, and about half that breadth; which sufficiently accounted for the sudden escape of the water. It had, as I conceived, carried the saturated mould through some immense bore in the rock beneath.

After the rains had ceased and the ground become dry and hard, I inspected the place more narrowly, and even ventured to leap down upon the grass below, which rose to a point in the centre, where it had sunk but a few feet from the surface. From this point, the earth shelved steeply on all sides to a considerable depth, forming an immense mound, which was surrounded by a large and gloomy cavern.

These "Sink Holes," as they were called, were very dangerous to man and beast. Cattle were frequently lost in them. A slave ran away when ordered to be flogged, and made direct for one of these awful places which happened to be near, as if he were bent on self destruction. On reaching the edge of the chasm, he cleared it at a bound. The enraged overseer in eager pursuit, endeavouring to do the same, fell in and was crippled for life. Fortunately he was arrested in his fall by a projecting ledge, or he would have disappeared for ever; for the depth could not be fathomed by the longest line. I knew the overseer, and have seen the sink hole on an estate called Middlesex, in St. Elizabeth's.

Returning home one night at a late hour, on foot, through the high woods, accompanied by a young slave, we had great difficulty in keeping the track; and often losing it for several minutes, it became a question whether we had not better select a spot to rest in, and patiently wait the return of day. The unpleasant nature of the accommodation, rife with snakes, lizards, scorpions and centipedes, (not to mention enormous rats) induced me to persevere; and as often as we regained the lost path, hope revived and we pressed forward. At length a glimmering light appeared every now and then through the bushes. On asking my

companion what he thought it could be, he replied it must be a runaway's fire, and advised me strongly not to approach it any nearer. Being determined to discover what it was, and having a good sharp cutlass in my hand, I cautiously advanced, holding the boy firmly by his smock frock, lest fear should lead him to desert. He trembled from head to foot, and it was difficult to prevail on him to move: by dint of whispered threats, however, he was made to proceed. When we had arrived within a few yards of the object, nothing could induce the negro to advance another step. His teeth chattered, and his whole frame shook. I was therefore obliged to make a closer inspection alone. It was manifest that no danger was to be apprehended, although I could not understand the nature of the strange appearance.

It seemed to be a mass of phosphorescent light, about two feet high, the same in breadth, and eight feet long; emitting such a glare as to illuminate objects around for many yards. I approached closer, and stuck the point of my cutlass into it with considerable force. It trembled and sent forth a hollow sound. The frightened boy declared it must be "*Duppy*,"^d nor could I persuade him, until I had broken off a large piece, that it was nothing more than a rotten fragment of a decayed

^d Evil Spirit.

tree. The piece I had broken off served admirably for a torch to guide our way. On reaching home I frightened some relatives who were in bed, by rushing with the seeming fire brand, close up to the gauze mosquito curtains.

CHAPTER III.

RING-TAIL—BALD PATE—BLUE PIGEON—MOUNTAIN
WITCH, &c., PARROTS—PARROQUETS—PARROT SOUP—
TURTLE—BLACK CRABS—DISGUSTING HABITS—
SOLDIER CRABS—GREGARIOUS—PECULIARITY OF—
OYSTERS ON TREES—ALLIGATOR—SERIOUS EFFECTS
FROM NEGROES' TEETH.

THE greatest delicacy in the mountains is the ring-tail pigeon. At one season it becomes so heavy and lazy, that if a flock be discovered feeding, a dozen may be shot in succession, from the same tree; and falling from any height, they will split up the breast from the weight of fat. Large blue pigeons are in great abundance; and may be seen rising from a crop of guinea corn in flocks of many thousands. Another pigeon called the bald-pate, from having white feathers on the crown of its head, is less frequently seen in the mountains, but plentiful in the lowlands. Several smaller birds abound in the woods; such as red partridge, mountain witch, turtle dove, small ground dove

and quails. Green parrots, black bill and yellow bill; with paroquets innumerable. I know nothing more disagreeable than to have a flock of either fly over one's head, uttering their discordant and deafening screams. The overseers and book-keepers do not despise them for food. Their disgusting heads and feet are removed, and they are commonly stewed. I have partaken of many a mountain dinner, the principal dish of which was parrot soup. This refers however, to small coffee plantations, having no pasturage. Beef and mutton of superior quality were plentiful.

The towns on the sea coast abound in the real West Indian delicacies. Not to mention a great variety of excellent fish, a turtle steak is not only delicious, but wholesome food; I think most persons would prefer it to turtle dressed in the London fashion.

The black crab is in great request; but its wholesomeness may be questioned. It is too rich, and its habits are filthy and disgusting. It burrows in the earth. The border of a morass where these crabs abound, resembles a rabbit warren; except that the holes are smaller than those made by rabbits. Whenever a negro brought a basket of these for sale, much as they were prized, few persons would purchase them, without questioning the seller as to where they had been caught; if it was suspected they came from the church yard, or

the neighbourhood of the hospital, they were generally refused. No exception could be made to the little "*soldiers*," or small land crabs, whose bodies were encased in a shell, the largest not exceeding the size of a common walnut. The head and claws protrude, which they draw under cover when alarmed, and remain motionless. It was surprising to watch the quickness of their movements. Gregarious, and dwelling at a distance from the sea, at a certain season they were met with in large shoals, travelling towards the coast to deposit their eggs. On such occasions, when crossing a road, or any open space, they might be swept up in hundreds. One peculiarity attached to them was, that they allowed no impediment to turn their line of march. The whole phalanx would walk up one side of a house and down the other, if it came in their way.

When boiled they were readily drawn out from their shell, like periwinkles; and were excellent and wholesome eating. All who delighted in "*pepper pot*," rejoiced in a plentiful harvest of "*soldiers*."

Speaking of the oysters of Jamaica, I once astonished an old lady by asserting that they grew on trees. The fact is, that mangrove bushes, which flourish on the coast, throw their roots to some distance into the sea; a small kind of oyster of a muscle shape, is found with its lower shell

firmly embedded in the bark. The wood is cut into pieces of various lengths, and brought to market thus thickly studded. The upper shells are removed, and the oysters turned out into a basin. They are justly considered a great delicacy.

The alligator is found in some of the rivers near the sea, but more frequently in the quiet waters of a morass, where they are scarcely distinguishable from floating logs of wood. They are naturally voracious, and have been known to attack negroes, and to carry off children left playing or sleeping on the banks of a river, in which their mothers were washing. Their depredations however, were generally confined to the smaller animals. A dog would, occasionally, be snapped up whilst lapping at the water's edge.

An uncle of mine kept a young alligator between five and six feet long, secured with a light chain fastened to a leathern strap round his loins. In this state of confinement he ate but little; and would bask in the sun for hours together, with his jaws widely distended. The lining of his mouth resembled kid leather, of a greenish yellow, speckled with brown. The flies would collect in the inside of it, as if for shade. When a considerable number had assembled, he would close his mouth, bring his formidable teeth into rapid contact two or three times, and having swallowed the tiny prey, open it again for the reception of another batch.

His movements were very quick; on being touched with a stick or cutlass, he would seize it with startling fury.

An opinion generally prevailed that the bite of a negro was very dangerous, if not deadly. Two instances of serious injury from the teeth of blacks, occurred in the parish of Trelawney, calculated to confirm that notion. A white man, by trade a cooper, struck one of his slaves on the mouth; by which, the skin on the knuckles of his right hand was slightly broken. On the following day his hand and arm were much swollen; the symptoms became so alarming, that in less than a week he submitted to amputation, in order to save his life.

The Honourable the Custos Rotulorum, (or chairman of the Quarter Sessions) riding over his estate, with a negro running by the side of his horse, to open gates, perceived at a distance a strange slave breaking his fence, and sent his servant forward to seize him. The stranger shewed signs of resistance. Mr. — trotted briskly up, dismounted, and made a blow at his head from behind; the black man hastily turning, received it on his mouth. The skin of two of Mr. —'s fingers was slightly abraded, having come in contact with the man's teeth. Most serious symptoms ensued; amputation was proposed, as in the former case, but the patient refused to submit. He suffered exceedingly for many months, during

which time I frequently saw him engaged in his magisterial duties, with his hand carefully rested on a pillow. The two fingers, after repeated and painful exfoliations, became immoveably bent; and the hand was rendered nearly useless for the remainder of his life.

Three years residence in the mountains, gave me ample opportunity for witnessing the sufferings inflicted by slavery; of which, the reader may form some idea, from the following narratives:—

SMART, THE COROMANTEE.

It would be desirable to give some account of the tribe, or nation, to which the above-named negro belonged, when traffickers in human blood stole him from his home, consigned him to the fetid hold of a slave ship, and ultimately landed him on the shores of Jamaica—after he had witnessed the sufferings and death of many countrymen and friends, whose less enduring frames sank under the fatal ravages of disease, or yielded to the maddening influence of despair. Incapacity and ignorance shew themselves on the very threshold of the undertaking; but, thanks to the Encyclopædia, I am able to find that there are Great and Little Coromantyn. To one of these Smart originally belonged; and, as they are said to be but four miles asunder, it can matter little to which he be appropriated. They are situated in the kingdom of

Fantyn, two miles from the port of Anamaboe, on the Gold coast.

“The Coromantyn negroes are distinguished from all others by firmness both of body and mind; a ferociousness of disposition, and at the same time, activity, courage, and a kind of stubbornness which prompts them to enterprizes of difficulty and danger, and enables them to meet death in its most dreadful forms with fortitude and indifference. Many of them had been slaves in Africa, and others had been engaged in perpetual hostility with one another. They were, therefore, prepared for endeavouring, even by means the most desperate, to regain the freedom of which they had been deprived; accordingly, they have been disposed to excite or to encourage rebellion. This was the case in Jamaica, in the year 1760. The firmness, and intrepidity, and contempt of death which are distinguished in adults, are visible even in boys at the age of ten years.”^a

Smart was the only Coromantee on the estate where I resided for two or three years. The circumstances which introduced him to the gang were somewhat singular, and must not be passed by unmentioned.

^a Edwards' West Indies. [The Importation of a Coromantee slave above fourteen was, in consequence, prohibited.—EDITOR.]

The proprietor was periodically called to Spanish Town, by the meeting of the House of Assembly. On one of these occasions, whilst smoking his cigar under the piazza in front of a lodging house, and gazing on a concourse of people whom an auction of slaves had attracted to the spot, his attention was arrested by the cautious approach of a negro, who had for some time been scanning him with peculiar earnestness, but with an air of hesitation and embarrassment. A few moments passed, when the African, as if with an effort of despair, rushing into the piazza, threw himself on his knees, clasped his hands, and, with an imploring expression, said, "Massa, me for sell ; buy me !" " Why do you wish me to buy you ?" asked the astonished planter. " Massa, me lub you face ; me wantee you for buy me ; me be good nigger to massa." " I have negroes enough ; I do not want any more. Besides, I live in the mountains, and you have probably been accustomed to the lowlands. You would not suit me." " My sweet massa, me beg you for buy me ; me sabby carpenter, me sabby mason, me sabby plenty ting. If massa buy me, me worrok hard for massa." " What is your name ?" " Me name Smart, Massa." " Well, Smart, if I should buy you, and you behave yourself well, you will be treated kindly ; but if you are idle or thievish you will be sure to get '*fum fum.*'"^b

^b Negro term for flogging.

The extraordinary predilection of the negro ended in his being purchased and sent, forthwith, into the mountains.

For some time, Smart conducted himself to the satisfaction of his master; and was found to have given no false estimate of his valuable acquirements. But, alas, his honesty was not proof against the temptation which assailed him, in the shape of Indian corn, growing on a neighbouring estate; and which was nearly ready for "breaking in," as it was termed, in Jamaica parlance. One brilliant moonlight night, such as cannot be conceived by those who have never visited the tropics, he sallied forth, with cutlass and basket, determined to appropriate to his own use, a portion of the inviting crop.

It was necessary to place a watchman wherever provisions were planted. Cocoas, yams, plantains, sweet potatoes, cassava, corn, &c., were all vigilantly guarded, as they approached to maturity; or the quantity would be seriously diminished by the invasions of your own, or your neighbours' people; not to mention the runaways who infested the woods. The watchman here, was on the alert; and Smart, retreating with his ill-gotten booty, was attacked, vanquished, and brought home a prisoner in handcuffs.

For mutual convenience and protection, as well as to avoid loss of labour and expense, it was ~~con-~~

tomary, to send a slave caught in any felonious act, to his master, with proofs of his delinquency ; who was in honour bound to cause summary and severe punishment to be inflicted.

The unhappy culprit's case was, therefore, hopeless. He was *laid down* (*i. e.*, with his face towards the ground, his arms and legs being stretched out and held by four stout fellows ; or fastened firmly by ropes to four pegs) whilst the driver administered with his brutal whip, lash after lash, with deafening crack, until ordered to desist.

The slave laws prescribed thirty-nine lashes, as the maximum, for any offence. I never knew so moderate a chastisement awarded by an overseer, where there was cause for any punishment at all. The slave was at the white man's mercy ; who could torture to his heart's content, (if he were so disposed,) with perfect impunity, so long as negro evidence, on oath, was not admitted. The miserable victim was released, arose slowly from the ground, and was led away groaning in agony—a great portion of his flesh cut to a jelly, and streaming with blood.

What Mr. Edwards, in the afore-cited passage has called “a *kind of stubbornness*,” (I suppose) caused him to crawl about, for several weeks, in gloomy silence ; scarcely holding intercourse with his fellows. He waited until his wounds were healed, and his limbs restored to comparative

vigour ; and then he fled to the woods ; living on the produce of midnight plunder, and the occasional aid of his countrymen.

No trace of him could be found ; and, for a considerable period, perhaps more than a year, he was never heard of.

CHAPTER IV.

SLAVES BRANDED—ADVERTISEMENT OF A RUNAWAY—
SMART BROUGHT HOME—PROMISES AMENDMENT—
REPEATS THE OFFENCE—AGAIN PUNISHED—RUNS
AWAY—UNEXPECTED RECONTRE—"NYOUNG MAS-
SA" IN JEOPARDY—PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE—INKLE
THE CONGO—POPULATION OF CONGO WHEN DIS-
COVERED BY THE PORTUGUESE—DESCRIPTION OF IN-
KLE—FILED TEETH—AWFUL DEATH FROM LIGHT-
NING—INKLE'S DELIGHT IN RAT-EATING—METHOD
OF CATCHING AND COOKING THEM—RUNS AWAY—
SUSPICIOUS REPORT—ARDUOUS EXPEDITION—SUS-
PECT A TRAP.

It rarely happened that the slaves betrayed the confidence of a runaway, except he were base enough to rob their provision grounds, or insult their women; in either of these cases protection was withdrawn, and often, information given which led to his capture.

If a white man, proprietor, overseer, or book-keeper, chanced to meet a strange negro who was unable to give a satisfactory account of himself, he generally caused him to be taken to the near-

est town ; where he was placed in custody of the supervisor of the workhouse, whose duty it became to examine his marks,^c ascertain to whom he belonged, and advertise him in the Gazette, in order that he might be reclaimed on payment of the workhouse charges.

Smart's master, on taking up the paper which a neighbour had sent him, read as follows :—

“CLARENDON WORKHOUSE.

“June 1809.—List of Runaways.—Smart, a Coromantee, bears traces of severe floggings—marked on right shoulder A. B.—says he belongs to A. B., Esq., of ——. N.B. If not reclaimed by (naming a certain date), will be sold to defray the workhouse expenses. (Signed) J. B., Supervisor.

A trusty messenger was, accordingly, dispatched to bring the offender home, where, in due time, he arrived. On coming once more into his master's presence, he no doubt expected to hear the order given for his immediate punishment. From this he was happily spared. The handcuffs were removed, and, after a serious lecture, and many promises on his part, of future good behaviour, he was dismissed to the negro houses. The following morning he resumed his hoe, and was not discovered in any malpractices for many months.

^c Most slaves were branded with their owners' initials— with a silver brand dipped in burning spirits.

But, his dishonest habits were inveterate. Again did he attempt to plunder provisions from a neighbour's grounds ; again was he brought home, with convincing proofs of his guilt ; and again did he undergo the inevitable and dreadful penalty. As on the former occasion, so on this, he remained until his stripes were healed, and then "pulled foot," as the negroes termed it, and once more took refuge in the woods. Nothing was heard of him for a long period.

His master, who was slowly recovering from a severe illness, had suddenly expressed a strong desire for a grilled pigeon. I was promptly informed of his wish, and was requested to try my skill in procuring one. On examining the stock of ammunition, to my dismay, no shot could be found. The case was urgent, and the difficulty appeared to be insuperable. Anxiously searching for some substitute, I stumbled upon a leaden plummet ; this I cut into small slugs, sufficient for a charge, with which I loaded my gun. Putting the powder horn into my pocket I sallied forth, determined not to throw away my fire on any flying bird that might cross my path, but to look out for a sitting shot.

Having crossed the open space of pasture in which the house stood, my way led, by a winding path, through the centre of a narrow valley, about a hundred yards broad. Many years before it had been cleared of wood and cultivated ; but had

been long thrown up, and was now a thick jungle, interlaced with parasites of various kinds, which in many places formed a barrier impenetrable to man or beast. On either side of the valley, at the distance of fifty yards from the path I trod, the ground rose abruptly, forming here and there a natural wall of rugged limestone rock. The surface, for many hundred yards around, so bare of soil, that it would have been difficult to collect a hatful of mould over the whole space, was, nevertheless, covered with trees of the largest growth. Here flourished, side by side, the stately mahogany, the graceful cedar, the fragrant rosewood, the brilliant fustic, the impenetrable bully tree, and the gigantic cotton; with others of inferior note. Here and there, on the borders of the wood, might be seen one, which having fulfilled its allotted time, void of leaf or bark, and blanched by many years of rain and sun, stretched its huge fantastic limbs on either side, and seemed to proclaim to its fellows, that they too must one day die!

My heart palpitated with delight, on suddenly beholding a blue pigeon perch on the topmost branch of one of these dead trees. He was quite out of the reach of shot from where I stood, and there was little chance of being able to creep, unnoticed, sufficiently near to warrant a hope of securing the prize. The chance, however, might not be thrown away, as the day was declining: V,

therefore, crept cautiously along; and on arriving to within a killing distance, I rejoiced on peeping through the underwood which covered my approach, to behold him still at rest. Carefully examining the priming, and pressing the trigger, to prevent the click of the lock, I cocked my gun, took a steady aim at the bird, and fired—with what effect I could not ascertain; for, at the same instant, a loud rustling sound, with violent shaking of the bushes on my left, startled me out of my propriety. Turning quickly round, half expecting the rush of a wild boar, I beheld, within five or six paces from me, with a wallet at his back, a sharp bill hook in one hand, and a shining cutlass in the other, the runaway Coromantee, Smart.

He had evidently been taking his siesta on a bed of leaves—the report of my gun so close to the spot had rudely disturbed his dreams of roasted yam and pepperpot; and, probably, in the confusion of so sudden an alarm, knowing that many white men would shoot him like a crow, he might have thought the fire had him for its object.

Providence had placed between us a fretwork of tangled vines. He spake not a word; but, rushing towards me, began to cut most furiously at them, as it was evident, with no very amiable designs against my person; a few seconds would decide my fate. It pleased God, in great mercy, to endue me with perfect self-possession; without which I had certainly been killed.

I saw and felt the danger of my position : no human being but ourselves was within a mile of the spot. I knew that the slightest irresolution would seal my doom. I therefore boldly advanced, called upon him to stand, or I would shoot him ; and, with my empty gun, pressed vigorously against the barrier between us, as if I were as anxious to remove it as himself. When close enough for the point of his weapon to have reached me, the negro quailed, retreated a few paces, cast upon me a look of defiance, hesitated for a moment, and then moved off with a quicker tread, in spite of peremptory orders to wait for me.

Never did a more grateful sound salute my ear, than the crackling of the dry wood and leaves on which he trod in his flight. It grew fainter and fainter as he increased the distance ; and when I concluded him to be too far off to observe my motions, I crept through the jungle, regained the footpath, loaded my gun with powder (not feeling sure that he would not renew the attack), and crying, "sauve qui peut," ran bravely home at my topmost speed.

I was greeted with, "Well, where's the bird?" Having thrown myself into a chair, and taken two or three deep inspirations to recover my breath, I replied, "O, do not ask for the bird ; I believe I shot one, but I cannot tell where it is ;

and I assure you I do not intend to look for it. Thank God that you have got me back again, with a head on my shoulders !”

What further became of Smart, I never knew. I remained on the island about two years after this adventure, but heard no tidings of him. He might have been killed in one of his marauding expeditions, or in a fit of jealousy. He might have died in the woods of disease, or starvation ; for negroes have died thus in Jamaica, as did poor

INKLE THE CONGO.

Congo, or Kongo Proper, is a kingdom in Africa, bounded on the north by the famous river Zair, “or the river of Congo, which divides it from that of Loango on that side ; on the south from that of Dando, which separates it from the kingdom of Angola ; on the east from the kingdom of Fugono and Metamba, and the burnt mountains of the sun, those of crystal, or saltpetre and silver, and by the rivers Verbela and Chilandra ; and on the west by the Ethiopic Sea, called the Sea of Congo. Its extent from north to south has not been accurately ascertained.

“This country was discovered by the Portuguese, in the reign of King John II., in the year 1484.

“They found it for the most part covered with towns and villages, swarming with inhabitants ;

the cities being well filled with people, particularly the metropolis, which contained 50,000 persons. We may form some judgment of the population of the country by this circumstance, viz. : that the army of the King of Congo, in the year 1665, consisted of no less than 900,000 fighting men. The traffic of the Congoese with the Europeans consists chiefly in slaves, and St. Salvadore is the principal mart of the country : 15,000 or 16,000 slaves were carried off annually." ^a

Inkle had been purchased, with eight or ten others of the Congo nation, out of a cargo direct from the coast of Africa, a few years before I became acquainted with him. His face exhibited more than the usual share of negro peculiarities. His eyes were larger, nose flatter, lips thicker, and mouth wider than were commonly seen ; and, as if to complete the model of every thing most hideous to behold, his set of large and regular teeth had been filed into triangular shapes, so that the upper row fitted most accurately into that of the under jaw ; like two saws brought into close contact ; or rather (being, as hereafter will appear, a more appropriate comparison), like the teeth of a rat trap. From this attractive peculiarity, he was, by some sagacious persons, supposed to have been addicted to cannibal propensities. This I verily

^a Rees' Cyclop. Congo.

believe to be a libel. He was a mild, inoffensive, and dull creature; somewhat addicted to dishonest practices, (to which, I fear, the cravings of hunger often impelled him,) and not over fond of work; but in palliation of his indolence it must in truth be told, that he laboured under a serious bodily infirmity, which disqualified him for much exertion. He was in consequence employed as watchman over a coco piece or yam ground, and was required to make a basket or two each week.

In the performance of this easy task he often failed, and was repeatedly threatened with punishment, although I believe it was never inflicted.

I frequently visited his secluded hut; and sometimes was glad to seek the shelter it afforded from a storm of rain and thunder; taking especial care on such occasions, to cast his bill hook, hoe, and cutlass to a distance; lest the iron should draw down destruction upon us, by attracting the electric fluid. Accidents from this source were of no rare occurrence.

In one rainy season a relation of my own was, with several other persons, waiting for dinner to be served at a mountain residence, called "Cabbage Tree Hall," from an avenue of beautiful mountain cabbage trees leading to the house; several of which were also growing round it. The thunder rolled at a distance, and torrents of rain began to fall. Some one asked the host if the

house was provided with a conductor. "No, no," said he, "as long as those tall trees last I shall need no other safeguard." His favourite servant soon afterwards entered the room, bearing a large tureen of soup. Ere he could reach the table, an overpowering flash of lightning, accompanied by a stunning crash, struck him to the ground a lifeless corpse.

But, to return to Inkle. His larder did not afford many delicacies; and yet, when the continuance of a storm detained me beyond the usual hour of an early dinner, I have enjoyed a black coco, or part of a roasted yam, at his expense, and to his apparent gratification; which latter was not diminished, perhaps, by the certainty of having such favors returned in kind; for I blush not to avow, that I carried to him many a salt shad or herring, to season his vegetable diet. The most pressing case of hunger never carried me so far beyond the prejudices of civilized life, as to induce me to partake of roasted rat, in which he delighted. His method of catching and of cooking this vermin deserve some notice. It were, perhaps, more easy for me to make, than to describe his simple but efficient trap. It consisted of a small conical shaped basket; to which was fastened in the wicker work outside (running from the apex to the open mouth), a tough and elastic lance-

wood stick, three or four feet long ; with a strong twine, manufactured by himself from the bark of a tree, attached to the further and smaller end. In order to set the trap, the stick was bent into a bow ; a running noose being formed at the end of the twine, and passed through an aperture, left in the edge of the basket for the purpose. This noose was carefully spread round the inner edge, and concealed under the rim. Below the noose a separate piece of twine was fixed, drawn through the basket twice, so as to cross at right angles, and firmly secured on the outside.

In order to reach the bait, which was deposited at the apex, the rat must gnaw through these cross strings. As soon as they gave way, the elasticity of the bow suddenly and tightly drew the noose, and the rat was strangled. These traps were laid upon the ground, and seldom failed to secure the prize, which was prepared for the *table* in the following primitive manner :—

After carefully cleaning the inside, and cutting off the tail, the body was impaled on a long wooden skewer, turned briskly round over a fierce fire, until the hair was completely burnt, scraped with a sharp piece of wood, until free from fur, and of a rich toasty brown colour ; and, finally, the end of the skewer was stuck into the ground, inclining towards the fire ; where it remained, sometimes

for hours, with an occasional change of position, until it became quite dry and crisp, and thus ready for the evening meal.

When I expressed surprise that he could eat such food, Inkle would reply with a merry grin, "Ki! ny young massa, ratta sweet, hearree! If ny young massa nyam ratta one time, no more, him nyam ratta ebery day, hearree!"

The French are right who say, "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui cõnte.*" But that "*premier pas*" in rat eating, I could never take.

Poor Inkle allowed his arrears in basket-making to accumulate so heavily, that he could not fetch up his "lee-way;" added to which, he had neglected his watch, and the provisions were seriously invaded. Expecting every day a domiciliary visit from the driver, he collected his darling rat traps, tied up his sleeping mat, and retreated into the woods.

Many months had rolled on, and an unusually heavy and long-continued season of rain was just passing away, when two of Inkle's countrymen came to the house in a state of great excitement, to say, that as they were a long way off in the woods, collecting thatch, they stumbled upon a hut, quite accidentally, (of course,) in which they found Inkle's bones.

It might be a false report, to prevent further enquiry after the runaway. Why had they not

brought the remains with them? They were too much frightened, and dare not touch them. It might be so; still the tale was doubted. They besought me to accompany them to the spot; to which I consented, not only as it was important to ascertain the fact, but because I felt a deep interest in the fate of the unhappy Congo.

I was enjoined to load my gun with slugs, to keep the two athletic negroes in advance, not to permit them to walk too close to me, and to march them back to certain punishment, should there be sufficient cause to suspect them of deceit. Determined to act up to my instructions, we sallied forth.

Having, for a tedious distance, followed a beaten track, which was occasionally used as a bridle road through the wood, my guides suddenly turned into a thicker and totally unfrequented part. Pursuing an irregular and tortuous course, for at least a mile, over an uneven, rocky surface, covered with underwood so thick as to oblige us to put the bushes aside with the hand, in order to make any progress, they appeared to be evidently at fault. I began to feel dissatisfied; and, more than half suspecting a trap, I resolutely called a halt; told them their tale was apparently a fiction; and ordered them to retrace their steps to answer for their conduct.

CHAPTER V.

CONFIDENCE RESTORED—NEGRO METHOD OF TRACKING A WOOD—FIND POOR INKLE'S BONES—REMARKABLE CONFIRMATION OF THEIR IDENTITY—ORIGIN OF THE MAROONS—CAUSE OF MAROON WAR—FATE OF A DETACHMENT OF TROOPS—"COCKPITS"—LIEUT.-COL. QUARL—EFFECT OF HOWITZERS—CUDJOE BROUGHT TO TERMS—SCANDALOUS BREACH OF FAITH—REMNANT OF MAROONS AT SIERRA LEONE, IN 1825—BLOODHOUNDS, WITH CHASSEURS, IMPORTED FROM CUBA—THE DOG "BULLY"—CATCHES A RUNAWAY—THE WATCHMAN ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE—OVERTAKEN BY "BULLY"—BRUTAL THREATS OF W.—THEIR AWFUL CONSEQUENCES—THE AGED WATCHMAN—VULTURES—FIND THE OLD SLAVE DEAD IN HIS HUT—THE CHURCH BELLS NOW GLADDEN THE SCENE OF THE CATASTROPHE.

They entreated me to proceed a little further, and a little further, until, losing all patience, I refused to allow them to advance another step, unless they showed me the signs by which they pretended to be guided.

They then pointed out, to my satisfaction, twigs broken to the right hand, for some distance, and others to the left; and recent marks, here and there, on trees, which they had that morning made, to direct them on their return.

Being thus re-assured, I consented to proceed. A few minutes more brought us to the object of our search.

The hut, almost in ruins, stood before us, on the top of a gentle ascent; although many smaller trees had been felled, and the brushwood cleared for a considerable space around, the spot was quite impervious to the sun—all was most gloomy solitude; unbroken, except by the occasional croak of toads, the discordant cries of various birds, and an unearthly sound, to which my ear was well accustomed, although I never was able to discover from my own research, nor from the experience of the negroes, from what bird or reptile it proceeded.

My two companions confessed, that without the sanction of a "buckra's" presence, they dared not to be there.

As we drew nearer, a melancholy scene presented itself—at several paces from the hut, were scattered the disjointed bones of a human skeleton; each bone as bare and blanched as if it had been prepared for some lecture on osteology. On examining the skull, the filed teeth enabled me to identify it as having once belonged to Inkle. But,

in most striking confirmation of the fact, I discovered amongst the bones, a small portion of his Osnaburgh smock frock, quite perfect; on which was marked in large letters, with silk, the name of Inkle. It struck me at the time, as very strange that scarcely another vestige of the garment could be found undecayed, except this small piece. The negroes were very proud of having their new clothes thus marked; and one of our house servants had, to gratify poor Inkle, worked his name in full on this portion of his dress; which, alas, became his winding sheet.

In the hut we found a small iron pot, in which he cooked his food, some half dozen rat traps, and an unfinished basket. I saw all his bones carefully collected and wrapped in a mat, which the young men had brought for the purpose. On our return, we had considerable difficulty in finding the track. They had the remains buried, as usual, at the foot of a cotton tree, with the customary revels which were observed by the slaves on such occasions.

There was no doubt that his comrades paid him occasional visits, and ministered to his wants, while they were able. From the condition of the hut, his bed, and the perfect cleanness of the skeleton, it was evident that many weeks, at least, had elapsed since his death. His own weak state of health had prevented him from seeking help at such a distance; and the past state of the weather,

together with the constant occupation of the slaves, had rendered it difficult for his countrymen to maintain very regular communication with the unhappy recluse; who, it is horrid to think, had, possibly, died from actual starvation, as it were, in the midst of plenty, of which the weakness of disease rendered it impossible to avail himself. Take another instance of suffering and death, from

THE BLOODHOUND.

“ From circumstances recited in minute detail by Mr. Bryan Edwards, (see Rees’ Encyclop.) it appears that during the protectorate of Cromwell, the Spaniards had been guilty of several aggressions in the West Indies; and that the Protector in seeking redress, manifested a regard to justice by his moderation and temper. An appeal was at length made to force; and a powerful armament was equipped, which miscarried at Hispaniola, but succeeded at Jamaica, which was captured by the English forces in May, 1655.” For several succeeding years, the English were harassed by a petty and vexatious warfare with large bodies of blacks, who having escaped from the service of their Spanish masters, had established themselves in inaccessible localities, in the mountains. After a serious destruction of property and the loss of many lives, these *Maroons*, as they were called,

were brought to terms. Their freedom was guaranteed, they were permitted to retain their arms, and were furnished with ammunition; engaging on their parts, to aid in repelling foreign invaders or in quelling rebellious slaves, and to scour the woods in quest of runaways, on whose capture they were to receive a certain reward.

They amounted at that time to about 1500, but were divided, under different leaders, into two bands, distinguished by the names of the districts in which they dwelt; viz., Accompong Town Maroons, and Trelawny Maroons. Land was appropriated for their use, in their respective localities. A code of laws was drawn up for their internal government, according to which, and by a jury of their fellows, culprits were to be judged and punished; subject, however, to the advice and direction of a British officer appointed to reside amongst them, under the title of "Superintendent of Maroons."

During the government of the Earl of Balcarras, a Trelawny Maroon on a visit to the town of Montego Bay, was charged with theft, convicted by a magistrate, and sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes. In vain did he assert his privilege to be tried by the Maroon code. The punishment was most illegally inflicted; accompanied, I believe, by many indignities at which his proud spirit revolted.^b

^b I read Dallas's "Maroon War," a most faithful and inter-

Boiling with rage, he returned to the Maroon town, loudly protested his innocence of the imputed crime, detailed the humiliating treatment to which he had been exposed, and exhibiting his bleeding body, appealed to his friends for vengeance on the aggressors. Old Cudjoe, their leader, called a solemn meeting; at which it was hastily resolved to dismiss the superintendent without loss of time, with a message of defiance to the whites; and to take immediate measures for revenging this glaring act of cruelty and breach of faith. That very night several estates were totally destroyed, large tracts of sugar cane given to devouring flames, and every European in their way was murdered with savage barbarity. Before the dawn of day they had retired to their fastnesses in the mountains. The nature of the ground was most favourable to this predatory mode of warfare; affording perfect security to their retreat, which was unapproachable by regular troops, but easy of access to their practised feet. Mr. Dallas gives, I recollect, a very graphic and affecting description of the fate of one detachment of regular troops, which had the temerity to follow the Maroons into the woods. A withering volley was the first indication of the enemy's presence; in vain did the soldiers return the fire, having only trees in sight.

esting work, many years ago; and quote his account to the best of my recollection.

The regular and rapid clicking of the black men's guns gave startling warning of each successive fire ; until most, if not all of the party, were sacrificed to their vengeance. For several months the military and militia of the island were unable to gain any advantage over this small, but resolute body of rebels. The top of the mountain was singularly formed. It consisted of a succession of dells or *cockpits*, as they were called. These were connected by a narrow intervening ridge, which led from one dell to another ; each cockpit could be entered only in single file, in many places by a steep and rugged path ; or by stepping from rock to rock, while one hand firmly grasped the surrounding bush, to guard against the serious or fatal effects which would inevitably result from a false step. A Lieutenant-Colonel Quarl being appointed to command the troops engaged in this arduous and dangerous expedition, succeeded in bringing some small howitzers to the summit of the ridge ; from which, shells were thrown into the first cockpit. The Maroons never having seen anything of the kind before, were amazed and terrified at beholding huge balls descend, harmless at first, but after a few short bounds, exploding with murderous effect. Mr. Dallas gives an amusing account of old Cudjoe's description of his own feelings on the subject. By this unexpected, and to them, inexplicable ma-

nœuvre, they were driven from dell to dell; until Cudjoe became disposed to listen to reason, and finally acceded to the terms offered to him by Col. Quarl; who appears to have been humane and honourable, as he was brave and skilful. One of the stipulations insisted on by the Maroons, and granted by Col. Quarl, (who was invested with full powers to act according to his judgment,) was, that they should not be expatriated. In defiance of this solemn engagement, the poor Maroons (under pretence that it was necessary they should surrender to the Governor in person, and publicly renew their oath of allegiance) were marched to Spanish town, there surrounded by a hollow square of troops, and treacherously shipped off to the uncongenial clime of Nova Scotia! Mr. Dallas (from an imperfect recollection of whose interesting work I am able to give these particulars) relates that the Colonel feeling his own honour thus compromised, after a spirited remonstrance, retired from the service. Shortly after the Maroons reached Halifax, the winter commenced; and as might have been expected, the intense severity of this frosty region fearfully reduced their numbers. Humanity shuddered at the sufferings of the scanty remnant, and determined the Government, in pity to send them to Sierra Leone. Here they found a more congenial climate, but very inferior to the pure and refreshing breezes of Maroon Town,

and the cool shades of their Jamaica woods. A young friend of mine, about 1825, was in a vessel which touched at Sierra Leone; and on my asking what had become of the Maroons, told me that several were then alive, and that some of advanced age still delighted to speak of Trelawney, and the mountains they had left with so much regret.

But it is time to ask what has all this to do with a blood-hound, of which we expected to hear some tidings?

In the height of the Maroon war, the planters began to be most seriously alarmed. The military, both regulars and militia, seemed to march to certain destruction. Several officers of both bodies had fallen in the struggle; but few of the enemy were killed, and they seemed to gain confidence, and to improve in discipline every day. Desperate diseases justify the use of desperate remedies. So thought the House of Assembly, where it was proposed and carried in debate, to send to Cuba for some Spanish blood-hounds. Several of these arrived, attended by native Chasseurs, a short time before Cudjoe had capitulated; so that most fortunately, they were never brought into action. These dogs were noble looking creatures; and, as it was supposed they might be used to great advantage in tracking run-aways, many persons obtained the breed, and prized them very highly. A neighbour of ours had a couple. The dog was the perfection of the ca

race; his name was Bully. His master never had a slave abscond. They knew, too well, that the dog would be laid on the scent and speedily overtake them. A neighbouring overseer came in haste one day to request the services of Bully to track a negro, who had thrown down his hoe and rushed into the woods to escape punishment. Mr. W. accompanied his dog to the spot; caused him to scent some garment which the absentee had recently worn; and away they went on the chase. The dog was closely followed for a considerable distance, until, the scent growing very hot, he could no longer be kept in sight. The party advanced, and in a short time heard the animal barking furiously a long way off. W. said, "he has got him safe; but the man is where he cannot reach him, or he would not bark," and true it was; for, when the party came to the spot, the unfortunate negro was up a tree, which he had hastily climbed, just in time to avoid being seized. The poor delinquent was compelled to descend, marched home, and was, no doubt, severely flogged. Another of Bully's feats, for the truth of which I can answer, had a more tragical result. W. was about to ride with a friend to a distance of eight or nine miles, where they were engaged to dine. When the horses were brought out, the dog testified great delight at the prospect of accompanying his master; this was not approved of, and peremptory orders

were given to have him shut up and kept in confinement for an hour at least. Having accomplished the journey, and nearly dispatched their dinner, W., stretching a rather lengthy pair of legs exclaimed to his host,—“I thought you did not keep a dog.” “Neither do I,” was the reply. “At all events,” said W., “there is a dog under your table.” Bully had escaped from custody, travelled nine miles, entered the room unobserved by any of the guests, and quietly laid himself at his master’s feet. The evening advanced, coffee was served, and the party broke up. W. and his friend remounted their horses, and wended their way homewards, by the refulgent light of a tropical full moon, forgetting that the faithful dog was with them. As their ride drew near its termination, the road ran along the side of a hill, through a piece of young coffee, belonging to W. On their left, between the rows of coffee trees, was a rich crop of Indian corn, which was to be gathered in a day or two. Among this, and but a few paces distant, could be clearly seen the watchman’s hut. “Stop,” said W. ; “hold my horse a moment, while I climb the bank and see what that fellow is about ; for my corn is ripe, and I suspect him.” When he reached the hut he was heard to exclaim,—“You rascal ! this is the way you watch my corn.” He found the guardian of the crop stripped perfectly naked, with three baskets

full of the best corn, ready packed for carrying off. Directing his friend to lead the horses on to the end of the coffee piece, where it was easier to regain the road, he seized the miserable negro by the wrist, and compelled him to move forward. They had gone but a few paces, when, by a sudden jerk, he freed himself from his master's grasp, and fled with the utmost speed. In vain did W. threaten and call upon the fugitive to stop. Bully had been an unnoticed and silent observer of the scene; hearing his master's angry tone, he rushed past him, in a few seconds overtook the flying negro, and leaping at his neck brought him to the ground, without inflicting the slightest wound, and stood growling over him until W. came up. Then was heard the cry of "Well done!—good dog!" The prostrate watchman was desired to rise, a large silk handkerchief was put round his neck, and W., twisting it as tightly as he could without producing strangulation, held the ends in his powerful right hand. Again they moved on a few paces when, strange as it may appear, the African, by a sudden application of his hands, managed to slip his head out of the noose, and again took flight. It was a vain endeavour to escape. The watchful Bully was once more at his heels, and brought him down. The fury of the "Buckra" c

* White man.

was beyond all bounds, and the oaths he used most fearful and profane. He ordered the black man to lie still on his face, until, with a handkerchief twisted like a rope, his hands were firmly tied behind his back; then desiring him to rise, he took a large pruning knife from his pocket, opened it, and, bidding the slave to look at it, said, "Do you see this, you rascal? If you attempt to run away again I will cut your throat!" The terrified negro quietly submitted to his fate. That night he was securely fastened with handcuffs and bibboes, and told to expect a severe flogging in the morning. A few months after this occurrence, I was walking with W. in the piazza of his house, and observing the emaciated skeleton of a man passing by, with no other clothing than a blanket thrown across his shoulders, I enquired who he was, and what was the cause of his miserable state. In reply to my questions, W. told me what I now relate. I asked again, "Did you flog him as you threatened?" "No," said he; "I had him brought to the field, as if for punishment, and there, in consideration of his inexperience, and former good conduct, I forgave him, and bade him take his hoe and work with the rest. A vacant idiotic smile was all the reply he made: reason had left her throne; and he had been hourly wasting away ever since. A few days after I saw him his countrymen were feasting and dancing

round his grave, to the odious sound of the Gumbay.^d

In addition to the melancholy details recorded in these stories, I remember having occasion to visit an aged watchman, who had the charge of a distant provision ground. He could not tell his age: but on referring to the names of former masters under whom he had served, it was clear that he had lived in bondage for nearly a century.

His services were still available for making baskets and keeping watch: at his unusual age, when nature needed every support and comfort, he was thus employed, for many years.

I frequently conversed with him, although (it might be from having lived so long in solitude) his broken English was scarcely intelligible, even to one who, like myself, was tolerably well versed in negro dialect.

I asked him once, if it would make him happy to return to his own country. He shook his head, and replied, no—that he had been taken in war and sold to the slave dealers when he was quite a “pick-a-ninny”—all his friends must be dead long ago,—and that if any were alive, they could not recognise in the aged and infirm old man, the once gay and happy child, and they would surely kill

^d A rude drum, made by stretching a sheepskin over a square box, and beat with the hands.

him. Besides which, he could not talk to his countrymen, for he had forgotten their language.

His general health was good; and he possessed, for one of his years, a considerable degree of strength; but, as was commonly the case with aged negroes, his feet were very tender, which made it painful and difficult for him to walk, even at the slowest pace, and with the aid of a long staff. Nevertheless, he would manage, at long intervals, to crawl to the "Buckra-house," to beg a little rum, or salt fish, to season his vegetable diet; which, necessarily, consisted of yams, cocos, plantains, &c., occasionally relieved by a rat or parrot.

When I came within sight of his hut, though still at a considerable distance from it, I observed a numerous flock of vultures high in the air, following each other with a circular movement, on easy wing, immediately over the spot.

By this token I knew that some animal must be lying dead in the immediate neighbourhood; and that these birds were collecting together to feast upon the carcass, whenever their keen olfactories should intimate that the process of decomposition had sufficiently advanced, to suit their taste.

I hastened on to consult with the old negro on the subject; and I expected, with his assistance, to discover where the carrion could be. When I had arrived sufficiently near to be distinctly heard, I repeatedly called aloud; but received no answer.

Concluding that he was absent for the purpose of collecting materials for his basket making, I had nearly passed the hut without further observation. The motions of the vultures, so immediately over the place, excited a horrible suspicion in my mind. I looked in, and saw the poor old negro lying dead upon the ground.

It appeared to me, that some inward cramp had seized him in the night; during the agony from which, he had rolled off the plank on which he slept, and instantly expired.

He was lying on his side, with hands clenched, and knees drawn up to his chin; his legs were on the ashes, where a fire had evidently been burning when he fell into that position; for the flesh on one leg was partially consumed, and was covered with an innumerable host of ants.

Having gazed at the body for several minutes, lost in the sad reflections to which the scene gave rise, I returned home at a quick pace; turning my head occasionally to watch the motions of the hungry birds, and fearing lest they should suddenly descend and mutilate the body, before any one could be sent to remove it. I returned with two or three men, who wrapped it in a large mat, and carried it to the Negro-houses. That evening the remains were buried at the foot of a cotton tree, and the slaves feasted and danced round the grave nearly all night.

The old man often told me that when he died he should go back to his own country. I deeply regret, that in those days of youthful levity and utter ignorance of religion, I made no attempt to point out the way to "a better, that is a heavenly." Nothing has afforded me more gratification, than to learn that a capacious church now stands within a few hundred yards of the spot where I found his body. The Sabbath-bells now call to the house of prayer those who but thirty years ago, were constrained to labour on this day, in their own provision grounds. Schools are now numerous attended. Reverence for the holy name and attributes of God, is inculcated amongst those, whose fathers never heard the sacred name pronounced, but coupled with impious curses and threats of punishment;—and they are taught to look to a crucified Redeemer, for deliverance from worse than Egyptian bondage here, and for eternal glory hereafter!

"A Briton knows—or, if he knows it not,
The Scripture placed within his reach, he ought—
That souls have no discriminating hue,
Alike important in their Maker's view;
That none are free from blemish since the fall;
And love divine has paid one price for all."

COWPER.

CHAPTER VI.

WILD DUCK SHOOTING—EFFECTS OF MIASMA—FEVER—
UNTIMELY JOKES—BITTER WOOD BARK—COLD AF-
FUSION—IGNORANCE OF AN OVERSEER—WORKHOUSE
GANG—CRUEL TRICK OF A NEGRO BOY—LEAVE
JAMAICA—STEERAGE PASSENGER—THE MATE—THE
CONVOY—CAYMANAS—BARTER FOR TURTLE.

HAVING left the mountains I resided for more than a year in a large town on the north side of the Island; near to which, along the sea coast, and a few hundred yards in shore, lay a large extent of Morass. From it's stagnant pools unwholesome miasma was exhaled in fatal abundance; notwithstanding which, it was the custom to assemble round them in the wild-duck season, with guns of various calibre and condition.

My shooting propensities induced me to join, once too often, in the sport. The plan adopted was to range ourselves in an irregular line, midway between the sea and the ponds, keeping a good *look out* to windward. A flight of ducks would

every now and then be seen, making directly to the spot. As the weary birds passed over the formidable rank, they were received with a "feu de joie," which killed or crippled several. A single bird had been successively missed by two of my friends; I exultingly fired and brought him down. He fell into the swamp. Eager to secure the prize, I foolishly waded up to my knees in a mixture of salt and fresh water with slimy mud. Success induced me to wait for the next expected arrival; until feeling strangely cold and out of sorts, I carried home my bird and changed my wet clothes. Precaution came too late. About the middle of the following day, my nails turned blue, my teeth began to chatter, and I was fairly in for a fever at last. These cold fits returned daily at the same time, for a period of three months; and were always succeeded by a burning fever of some hours duration. Bark in bulk mixed in a glass of brandy, was poured down my throat, with most obstinate perseverance each day, as the colour of my nails began to change; without any other effect than to increase the violence of the succeeding fever. I was reduced to a most wretched plight, and much needed consolation; but I knew not how or where to seek it. Before the usual hour at which these dreaded symptoms recurred, I would stroll out under the scorching beams of the sun; but was often driven to take refuge on my bed, by the ill

timed jokes of some of my acquaintance; who, referring to my haggard looks and tottering gait, would coarsely allude to the probability of my sinking under the attack. Such speeches would give a momentary shock, although they by no means impressed me with feelings suited to the apparent danger of my state.

A good constitution, my youth, and naturally buoyant spirits, by God's great goodness, enabled me to struggle through this fiery trial. Accepting the offered hospitality of a friend, I resolved to try a change of air; and took up my abode for several weeks at a sugar estate, some ten miles off; in a higher, and therefore a cooler climate. I had long refused the revolting dose of brandy and bark. My friendly host, finding that I made no progress towards recovery, ordered a slave to go in search of some fresh bark from the "bitter wood," (*quassia*.) I was directed to put a small strip of this into a tumbler of cold spring water, overnight, and to drink a large wine glass full of the infusion in the morning. Having followed these directions for about three days, to my great joy, the attack was postponed for an hour later than usual, was less violent and of shorter duration, and in a week's time I was happily relieved from all dread of it's return.

A very dear and valued friend was the physician of the estate. In one of his visits I accompanied

him to the hospital; a large and commodious building admirably adapted to the purpose, and supplied with every requisite. My sympathy was naturally excited by a slave, who, suffering from an attack similar to my own, was shivering at the time in all the horrors of the cold fit.

I heard my friend desire the overseer to watch the accession of the hot stage on the following day; and, when the fever was at it's height, to cause the patient to be placed in a large empty tub and sluiced with a pail or two of cold water; after which, to have him rubbed dry and replaced in his bed. My friend had successfully applied this "cold affusion" (recommended by Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, in fevers) with great success, and he wished to have it tried on this occasion.

The overseer was the most stupid and ignorant of the Genus *Homo* I had ever met with. Being anxious to witness the effect of this bold practice, I went to the hospital for the purpose; and verily believe was the means of saving the poor slave's life. The tub and two pails of water were in readiness; a stout attendant under the direction of the overseer, was assisting the sufferer to rise; who, with chattering teeth and shivering limbs, desired to be left at rest. "What are you about?" said I. "I am going," he replied, "to souse him with cold water, as you heard the doctor order me." I thought it right to say, if you do so in his

present state, in all probability you will kill him ! I explained my friend's directions, which he had so grossly, and it might have been fatally, misunderstood ; and with difficulty prevented his intention. At length, rubbing his hands together, with a coarse laugh, he said, " Well, I believe you must be right ; it is lucky for Quaco that you came ; for in a few moments more I should have given him a precious ducking."

Having recovered my health, I returned to the town. Even there the deafening sounds of punishment would assail my ears, followed by the cries of tortured negroes. The workhouse gang loaded with irons, were constantly to be met with, sweeping the streets, closely attended by a driver and his whip.

If a domestic displeased his master, he was sent with a note to the supervisor ; who, without any reference to the justice of the charge alleged against him, saw that thirty-nine lashes were administered.

A boy of twelve or fourteen, was desired one day to go to Mr. B.'s with a note and to bring back an instant answer. Off he ran ; but, as he drew near to the dreaded workhouse, sundry misgivings arose ; he recollected having committed some heinous fault a few days previous ; and he knew that it was not his master's common practice to forgive such things. Sauntering away uncer-

tain what to do, he met a boy of his own age, who proposed a game of marbles. Catching at the chance of saving himself at any expense, he artfully engaged to meet him at some favourite spot, if his friend would take the note which he shewed to him, and wait for the answer; while he himself performed some other pretended errand. The terms were readily agreed to. The unhappy victim delivered the fatal document, which desired that the *bearer* should be severely flogged; and in spite of his attempts to explain the manner in which he had been duped, and his declaration that he belonged to another person, and not to the gentleman who had written the note, the punishment was inflicted without mercy. Bleeding and crying with pain he left the workhouse, and had the additional mortification of seeing his playmate peeping round the corner of a neighbouring street, to watch the result of this heartless stratagem, who laughed at him and called him a fool.

A growing distaste for the state of things around me, and an anxious desire to qualify myself for some professional pursuit, determined me to leave the island; which I was soon enabled to do. At the latter end of July, 1812, I sailed from the north side in a merchant brig of about three hundred and sixty tons burden, and a crew of fourteen hands, including two boys. There was one steerage passenger; but so confirmed in drunken habits

that, although a well educated person, and of a respectable family in Scotland, it was neither agreeable nor prudent to cultivate his acquaintance. My intercourse was therefore confined to the captain and his mate. The latter was a young man of some four and twenty years; of middle stature, robust make, and the model of a British tar, in activity, courage, and skill in the management of both ship and men. He had served his boyish days in a frigate; when she was paid off he obtained his discharge, and was just commencing in the merchant service, as mate of the brig. We soon became on friendly-terms. His long yarns of hair-breadth scapes in boarding the enemy and cutting out gun boats, &c., made me his constant companion in the midnight watch.

The fleet assembled at the East End, amounting to 80 sail, under convoy of the Polyphemus an old 74, the fast sailing frigate Barbadoes, and some minor craft. The Captains of the Merchantmen having waited on the Commodore for instructions, returned to their ships, and we made all sail. A spanking trade-wind soon carried us out of sight of the high mountains of Jamaica.

On passing the Caymanas, a solitary canoe in a very leaky condition, rowed by two stout negroes and steered by its owner, came alongside. The object was to barter for turtle, with which the boat was deeply laden. Our Captain obtained two

or three ; giving in exchange a modicum of pork and biscuit and some articles of dress. I thought it strange that men should venture so far into the open ocean in a conveyance so fragile and unsafe, for such a trifling gain. Connoisseurs seldom buy these turtle ; they are of an inferior kind for food, but the shell is in greater estimation, and used to constitute an article of brisk traffic with the needy inhabitants of these islands.

CHAPTER VII.

HAVANNAH—LEAKY BOAT—SPANISH COFFEE HOUSE—WAR WITH AMERICA—CAPTURE OF A PRIVATEER—CALM—YELLOW FEVER IN THE FLEET—FREQUENT DEATHS—TAMARIND WATER—COLD AFFUSION INJUDICIOUSLY PRESCRIBED—AWFUL DEATH OF STEERAGE PASSENGER—UNPLEASANT REFLECTIONS—HURRICANE—IT'S EFFECTS—TILLER BROKEN—FLEET DISPERSED—POLYPHEMUS IN SIGHT—DILATORY CONDUCT OF THE CAPTAIN—MAKE SAIL—COURSE SHAPED TO AVOID THE CONVOY—SINGLE SHIP—SELF-SATISFACTION OF THE CAPTAIN.

THE Havannah was our appointed "rendezvous," which we reached in due time. The fleet was expected to lie to off the mouth of the harbour for several hours; the Captain proposed therefore to go on shore, and I gladly accompanied him. The boat being lowered from the stern, we hastily descended and shoved off, without making any particular inspection as to it's condition; we had to row about two miles, a service of some difficulty, if not of danger; for, as it had been exposed

without an awning, to the drying breeze and scorching sun since we left Jamaica, the seams were so much opened that they admitted the water in most uncomfortable, if not alarming abundance. Two men by constant baling, could scarcely keep her free enough to float; we made but little way, and were debating whether it would not be more prudent to steer for the nearest ship, than to continue our course towards the shore. We determined to persevere.

As the timbers became moistened, the leaks gradually closed, and we landed with no other inconvenience than wet feet. The Captain, sailor-like, made direct to a coffee-house or tavern, and called for something to drink; which a Spanish negro could not understand, until the action "was suited to the word." He shortly returned, bearing on a massive silver waiter two large tumblers filled with what appeared to be Port-wine or Claret; a lump of ice floated on the surface of each. Neither of us could give it a name; but in our hot and thirsty state we perfectly agreed that it was the most delicious beverage we had ever tasted. Having refreshed ourselves, we proceeded to look about the town; but for this the Commodore would allow no time. Signal guns alarmed the Captain, and after an unsatisfactory and flying visit, we were obliged to make with all speed to the brig. On our arrival at the Havannah, we learned that war

had been declared with the United States ; several of whose privateers were lying at anchor there, under the Moro castle. This accounted for the hurried departure of the fleet, which resumed its course, with strict orders to keep close to the Commodore. The frigate was for several following days in chase of suspicious vessels, and succeeded in capturing an enemy's schooner, as she was hovering about to pick up any straggler, that either by carelessness or bad sailing, might be separated from its protectors. The breeze suddenly died away, and for a week or more, a dead and fiery calm succeeded. A heavy swell without a ripple on the wave, heaved its huge mass of water like molten lead, and greatly added to the discomforts of most stifling heat and confined accommodation. Sails were flapping, bulkheads creaking, and each ship seemed to have chosen it's own eccentric course. To crown the whole, the yellow fever had commenced its ravages in the fleet, and naval surgeons in daily request, were passing to and fro. Here and there, a flag might be seen half-mast high, denoting a death on board ; and bodies were committed to the deep with awful frequency all around us. Temperate habits were, under Providence, my preservation. I was not abstemious however, in the use of tamarind water ; having a large supply of this delicious fruit for my private use, I persuaded the Captain to refrain from porter

and grog, and to partake with me. The quantity of this cooling draught consumed by us was beyond all calculation. The incessant and copious perspiration day and night, created constant thirst, and called for an abundant supply of fluid. Death invaded the brig in its turn; his only victim was the unfortunate steerage passenger. One morning he suddenly rushed in a state of delirium from his berth, and peremptorily ordered the boat to be lowered, saying, that he saw some friends waiting for him and he must be off instantly. The captain and mate thought, as every other person did, that he was in a state of intoxication, and attempted to prevail on him to lie down again. He endeavoured to throw himself overboard, declaring he would go and no one should prevent him. They seized him and gently laid him on his back; I was asked what was best to be done. The medical friend before-mentioned having convinced me of the salutary effects of the cold affusion, this appeared to be a case in which it must be of service. The fever here was at its height; I therefore boldly recommended a pail-full of salt-water to be thrown over him. It was done; when after a heavy gasp or two, he ceased to breathe; the fever of life was over, and he had fled to give his dread account. My feelings were of no enviable kind; but while I bitterly lamented the melancholy result of the practice I had suggested, and vainly wished I had

given no advice, I felt conscious of the best intention, and consoled myself, as well as I could, by thinking that he must have died under the most skilful treatment. My philosophy, however, was scarcely equal to the demand which conscience made upon it. I fancied the fore-mast men looked scowlingly upon me; and for several days it required the utmost resolution to overcome the repugnance I felt to walk the deck. In this unenviable state I hailed the approach of a fearful hurricane, with joy. The mate had predicted that the long calm would end in one of these terrible visitations; as the symptoms increased, (which experience had taught him to regard as certain indications,) with commendable prudence, the brig was made all snug. Signs in the sea and in the heavens were anxiously watched; and after but a short uncertainty, an indescribable groaning in the air, was speedily followed by a rush of mighty wind, which laid every ship on her beam-ends, carrying away sails and masts from some, and capsizing two or three, which with their hapless crews were in an instant buried in the waves. Carefully as we had been prepared for the unequal contest by the skill and caution of the mate, a sail or two were blown from the bolt-ropes like so many paper kites; and for several hours the danger was imminent. In the endeavour to lay the brig to,^e the

^e The tiller was very short, shipped abaft the rudder-head, and worked by a chain.

tiller-chain snapped; having replaced it by a rope, the tiller itself broke off close to the rudder head; the rudder was then blocked down by billets of wood; and in this condition we rode for two or three days and nights, in security, amidst the appalling war of elements.

When the gale had somewhat moderated, and the atmosphere become a little clear from foam and spray, a man was sent aloft to ascertain if any of the dispersed fleet were in sight. Just as we were rising on the crest of a mountain wave, he reported the seventy-four on our larboard bow; about an hour afterwards, we could see the old Polyphemus from the deck, with signals flying for all ships to close with the Commodore. This happened about noon. The mate recommended that the carpenter should commence immediately to prepare a new tiller, or some substitute, that we might set sail and join the man-of-war, before the night came on. The captain said there was no hurry; there would be time enough after dinner; his object evidently being to give the convoy the slip, and to make, as he thought, a quicker passage as a single ship. Late in the afternoon, and when the man-of-war was out of sight, some lance-wood poles were shipped as a temporary tiller, and we once more were under sail; the course being shaped to avoid the probability of coming again in sight of the seventy-four. On the following morning we were alone.

No other vessel could be discerned from the mast-head, and the skipper rubbing his hands with delight, paced the deck with the air of a man on perfect good terms with himself, and caring not a fig for all the world besides.

CHAPTER VIII.

SUSPICIOUS VESSEL — THE MATE'S LAMENTATION — THE PRIVATEER—SERIOUS CONDUCT OF THE MATE—CAPTAIN'S LOSS OF APPETITE—FIRST BROADSIDE—BOBBING THE HEAD—IN DANGER OF BEING RAKED FORE AND AFT—JOHNNY SPRAWLING—REQUESTS ME TO WATCH THE SHOT—JOHNNY RUNS BELOW—EQUIVOCAL CONDUCT OF THE CAPTAIN—CONSULTATION—THE LAST CARTRIDGE — HAUL DOWN THE COLOURS — MATE'S COOLNESS—PRIVATEER'S BOATS ALONGSIDE.

WE had pursued our way for several days, when one clear starlight morning, just at the break of day, a small speck was discerned on the horizon, which excited sundry misgivings in the gallant captain's breast. As the dawn expanded, the mate brought a glass to bear on the suspicious object; and with a heavy sigh turned to me and said:—"Are you ready for a brush? Mark me, that's a Yankee privateer; she sails like the wind, a regular clipper schooner; and she'll soon overhaul us; we won't strike without a shot neither if I can help it, for the honour of the flag. But it's

no use bless you, she would blow us out of the water in a few moments if she's properly handled. Well, I could cry with vexation; here am I just begun the world for myself, glad to leave the Navy because I was tired of cutting and slashing my fellow creatures, and now I am forced to go at it again. I don't like it, that's the truth; but once in the mess, all in the way of duty, and I'll be the last to strike." Every preparation in our feeble power was made to resist, if it should prove to be an enemy. We had only three eighteen pound carronades and two long nines; one of the eighteens on the larboard side having, some days before, broken from its lashings and pitched overboard in a heavy roll of the sea. There were twelve muskets and the same number of pistols; all of the commonest manufacture, and very much out of order; these were consigned to me. Having brushed up the locks, with the aid of a drop or two of oil they were made to act with tolerable ease, were all loaded by myself, and placed in regular order on the main hatch, that I might fire them in succession, if the privateer should come to close quarters. An apprentice lad about the age of sixteen, was placed at the wheel; all the men being required at the guns. After a period of silent suspense, each eye being fixed on the beautiful but wicked looking cause of all these warlike preparations, when about half a mile from us she

fired a gun and hoisted British colours; on which, our ensign was run up. No sooner was this displayed, than down came her false signal, to be replaced by the starry emblem of America, followed by the booming of another angry gun, to bring us to. Bang went one of our eighteens to windward, in proud defiance. When it was thus ascertained, beyond all doubt, that the schooner was a privateer, the mate requested me to go into the cabin, for a few minutes' conversation; and in a very serious manner said:—"When I belonged to a man-of-war, the chaplain used to call the men to prayers before we went into action; now, I am no great scholar, but you will be able to find them; here's my prayer-book; I want you to kneel down with me and read them; it will set us all right." I was surprised, though pleased, at the manly sincerity and solemn demeanour of my shipmate. I readily complied; and for the first time in my life, was led to think seriously on the importance and necessity of prayer. On rising from our knees the tears were running down his weather-beaten face. Giving me a hearty shake of the hand, he said, "now I care nothing for the Yankees!"

When we returned on deck the hands were piped to breakfast. The captain turning to the mate and me, said, "*we* need not have any this morning. A bit of biscuit and a glass of grog is all that I want." "I beg your pardon Sir," said the mate; "I never

found it good to fight on an empty stomach. Here boy, bear a hand with the breakfast in the cabin. He and I managed to eat a hearty meal, and were not a little amused at the captain's loss of appetite.

We kept our course with the wind on the starboard quarter; coming up to us, at a distance of two hundred yards, rather to windward, and sailing parallel to the brig, the Yankee opened her fire with the regularity of a birthday salute, though in quicker time. I stood on the quarter deck, a little in advance of the boy at the wheel, whose name was Johnny. As the first flight of shot whistled over and around me, I could not help stooping, with a most deferential, though somewhat nervous nod. To my surprise, I saw my active friend the mate, knock down one of the men; and heard him exclaim in an angry tone, you cowardly rascal! what do you mean by bobbing your head? I felt glad to think he had not observed my weakness; and screwing my courage up, I determined not to yield again to so base an inclination. I had nothing to do but to observe the progress of the fight, until the proper time should arrive for the deadly use of my twelve muskets. Feeling impatient, I snatched up one, and thought I would make an experimental shot at the schooner, just to try the distance. On looking over the bulwarks, I found our relative positions somewhat changed; the enemy appeared

to have dropped astern; at any rate, our spanker boom, was pointed to her broadside. She was nearly prepared for a second fire, and I had before my eyes the dread of being "raked fore and aft." The captain and crew were so fully occupied in righting a carronade which had turned upon it's side, that no one had observed our awkward state. On calling to Johnny to shift the helm, and keep her broadside-on, I saw that he had deserted his post and was sprawling on the deck; unhurt, except by terror. I urged him to resume the wheel; which he did; and he promised not to leave it again, if I would sit on the poop and "*Watch the shot!*" We got the brig into her right position before the enemy opened upon us again; and as it was important to keep her so, I agreed to take the station assigned to me by Johnny, and look out for shot. As the flashes rose from the deck of the American, I cried out, "there's a shot, Johnny, there's another, there's ——," but before I could give notice of the third, poor Johnny rushed below and ensconced himself among the rum and sugar in the hold; leaving the vessel to take care of herself. I took his place at the helm, and managed, during a running fight of forty-five minutes, to keep on a parallel with the American. The foremast was crippled below the yard. The deck was strewed with splinters from various spars, ends of ropes were hanging in festoons, and most of the sails

pierced with numerous holes, though no shot had struck the hull, nor had any man received a scratch. We had expended nearly all our cartridges, and only a small quantity of loose powder remained. I had been much amused whilst occupying Johnny's post, by the eccentric movements of our gallant captain. After the enemy's shot had, for the time, passed over, he was always with his men, encouraging them most bravely; but on the first gun from the next broadside, and sometimes before, he would rush to the leeward side of the deck; and in a stooping posture run backwards and forwards under cover of the booms and the longboat, crying out with all his might, "Fire away, my lads!" Just as I was relieved from the wheel, a round shot passed within arm's length of my head, cutting a groove in the spanker boom. I stretched out my hand to the place, observing, "that's quite near enough!"

The American began to draw unpleasantly close to us, and seemed determined to bring matters to a crisis; which it was strange she had not done sooner. The captain called the mate and myself to a council of war, and placed the facts before us; we had failed in our attempts to cripple the schooner, which was the only chance of escape we ever thought of. Our ammunition was nearly used; to wait till she boarded us would be an act of madness. *What* could fourteen men do against at

to have dropped astern; at any rate, our spanker boom, was pointed to her broadside. She was nearly prepared for a second fire, and I had before my eyes the dread of being "raked fore and aft." The captain and crew were so fully occupied in righting a carronade which had turned upon it's side, that no one had observed our awkward state. On calling to Johnny to shift the helm, and keep her broadside-on, I saw that he had deserted his post and was sprawling on the deck; unhurt, except by terror. I urged him to resume the wheel; which he did; and he promised not to leave it again, if I would sit on the poop and "*Watch the shot!*" We got the brig into her right position before the enemy opened upon us again; and as it was important to keep her so, I agreed to take the station assigned to me by Johnny, and look out for shot. As the flashes rose from the deck of the American, I cried out, "there's a shot, Johnny, there's another, there's ——," but before I could give notice of the third, poor Johnny rushed below and ensconced himself among the rum and sugar in the hold; leaving the vessel to take care of herself. I took his place at the helm, and managed, during a running fight of forty-five minutes, to keep on a parallel with the American. The foremast was crippled below the yard. The deck was strewn with splinters from various spars, ends of ropes were hanging in festoons, and most of the sails

soon alongside; before they reached the brig, my friend the mate taking out his watch, requested me to wear it; the property of a passenger being more likely, as he thought, to escape the lawless rapacity of the description of men about to board us. I did not like the charge; reminding him that we might be separated, and no opportunity afforded me to restore it to him, even if it were respected as appearing to belong to me; which I very much doubted. He would not listen to my objections, and as there was no time for many words, I put it into my fob, as he said, "Well, never mind if it is stolen; it will have a better chance with you any how, and some day or other, if we live, I know that I shall get it again."

CHAPTER IX.

APPEARANCE AND BEHAVIOUR OF THE AMERICANS—DIS-
GRACEFUL BOAST OF THE PRIVATEER'S CARPENTER—
RIOTOUS CONDUCT—CONFERENCE WITH THE YANKEE
CAPTAIN—HIS KINDNESS—OLD JOHN—RETURN TO
THE PRIZE—OLD JOHN'S SCHEME OF RETALIATION—
DELICACY OF THE AMERICAN OFFICERS.

A rope was thrown to the first boat, and in a few seconds up came an officer followed close by eight or ten men armed to the teeth. I was much struck with their respectable appearance and courteous behaviour. The lieutenant, as he was styled, demanded the name of our vessel. Where from? Whither bound? What cargo? How many men? &c. The second boat was also filled with armed men, who speedily joined their shipmates and thronged the deck. A carpenter was sent aloft to repair the damage sustained by the masts and spars; and other men to splice the ropes and inspect the rigging. Many, with shameless effrontery, owned that they were British subjects. The carpenter above them all, as he was "fishing" the

foremast, declared aloud, that he had a few months previous belonged to a frigate on the Halifax station, from which he deserted; that the Government owed him arrears of pay, and he was determined to fight against the British, until he had repaid himself.

Contrary to the orders of the officers, several of the privateersmen got below. A trunk in my cabin was broken open and a few things abstracted—the object of search, no doubt was money,—but I had divided my Spanish dollars amongst our crew, in a fit of enthusiasm, (as I afterwards thought, most improvidently,) reserving only eight for myself. Some of the marauders found their way into the hold, tapped the rum puncheons, and returned to the deck in a state of riotous insubordination. One drew his cutlass on the officer in command; who, very coolly, divided the biceps muscle of his right arm, with a sabre cut, had him secured, and order was restored.

The captain, mate, and half of our crew were taken on board of the privateer in one boat, and the rest with myself followed shortly after. On going up the side my pocket was picked of a silk handkerchief. Stepping over the gangway, and saluting the quarter deck in the customary manner, I was desired to advance to where the captain of her stood, who received me politely. He was a thin, sallow, sedate looking person, with good

features and mild expression. He commenced, or rather prefaced his questions, by a reference to my personal appearance, at once flattering to youthful vanity, and adapted to inspire confidence. In my subsequent interviews with various Officials in New York, they invariably began as he did; with,—“Your appearance bespeaks the gentleman, sir;” to which I replied with a formal bow. Our conversation continued in substance as follows:—

Were you a passenger on board of the prize?

Yes, sir, I was.

Where from?

Jamaica.

Where bound?

To——, England.

What is the cargo?

I believe sugar and rum.

How many men?

Fourteen hands, including two apprentice boys.

Have they all come on board the privateer?

To the best of my knowledge, they have.

Can you give your word of honour, sir, that there are no more men on board the brig?

I cannot.

Why, sir?

Because I know not, precisely, how many men your people have taken out of her. If you have got fourteen hands, you have all that I ever saw on board.

You declare that, upon your honour?

I do, sir.

He then made me a bow, and I was about to retire; but there was something in his appearance which gave me confidence, and I ventured in my blindest tone, to resume the conversation; with, "You are very full of men, sir, I shall only be an incumbrance to you. May I request permission to return to the brig?"

What is your motive for making such a request?

I will deal candidly, sir; I have several. Here, it is evident the accommodation must be very uncomfortable. I understand you intend to make a long cruise; during which you may meet with a stouter enemy than we have proved, and I should be sorry to be killed by a British shot. The brig has ample accommodation. There are cruizers on the sea which may pick her up before she reaches New York, and by carrying her into Halifax, give me an earlier opportunity of reaching England.

You speak plainly, sir.

I know that I am addressing a man of feeling, and I speak truly, sir.

Well, sir, will you give me your word of honour that there are no men secreted on board the prize?

I have already said, if you have got fourteen, you have all that I ever heard of. Besides, your people can hang me up at the yard arm if I deceive you; and I can assure you I would not run *such an unpleasant risk.*

You seem to be honest, you may go, sir.

I made my bow, expressed my sincere thanks, and was moving towards the gangway to descend to the boat, when our cook, called *old* John, to distinguish him from the apprentice of the same name, pulled my coat and said, "Are you going on board the brig, sir?" "Yes" said I, "good bye, old boy." "Speak a good word for me," said he, "may be the captain will let you take me with you. You'll find me very useful. I shall only be in the way here, and be knocked about like a swab. Do, bless you, speak one word." The appeal was irresistible. I turned about and again approached the captain; to whom I said, "I am afraid, sir, you will think I presume too much on your kindness; but, you see that old man near the gangway; he is seventy, and growing very infirm. The poor old fellow wishes to go with me. Here, he will be a nuisance to others, and miserable himself. May I, without offence, intreat you to let him accompany me? he will be of service to me, and I shall be glad to see him comfortable."

"Really sir," he replied, "you are drawing rather freely on my good nature." After a few moments, hesitation, he added, with a smile, "however, you may take him." I still remember the considerate kindness of Captain Worcester, when he commanded the *Saratoga* privateer, of sixteen guns and one hundred and twenty men.

Old John and I joyfully resumed our respective berths, and away went the *Saratoga* on her plundering expedition, hoping to fall in with another of our scattered fleet; which alas, she did in the course of a week; capturing the "*John Sibbald*," (I believe,) a stout ship commanded by a resolute man, (Captain Udney,) after a severe and sanguinary fight.

Poor Udney had his thigh broken, and a spirited youth about my own age, the youngest son of the owner, was killed at his side.

Satisfied for the time, the privateer accompanied her second prize into New York; where she arrived before we did.

My kindness to old John had well nigh involved us both in a serious scrape. Two or three days after we had parted from the privateer, he came to me when no person was near, and whispered, "I'll do for 'em yet." "What do you mean?" said I. He replied, "why I've got a crow bar in the hold, and have stove in two or three puncheons, and I'll have most of 'em empty before they reach New York." "You foolish old man," said I, "do you know if they find it out they'll hang you, or make you walk a plank? and serve you right. Now I tell you what; if you do not promise to pitch that crow bar overboard, and leave off your work of destruction, I will tell the Yankees, and you must suffer for it. I will not put myself in jeopardy for your sake;

so you had better do what I tell you; and do it quickly." He followed my advice, and the next day told me it was done.

The prize master and his mate were very civil persons, and behaved with the utmost delicacy and attention to my comfort. One trifling incident which I remember, may suffice to shew their spirit. Some bottles of porter, a remnant of my sea stock, still remained in the lockers—of this beverage Americans are rather fond. These kind men held it sacred, as my property; nor would they taste a drop, but in compliance with my wishes, and after many pressing invitations. Indeed, from all the treatment I received from officers and crew, it was difficult to believe that any change had taken place in my position.

We were favoured with beautiful weather and very gentle breezes, making but little way; which seemed to increase the chance, as I hoped, of falling in with a British cruiser and being taken to Halifax.

CHAPTER X.

BOSTON PRIVATEER—NARROW ESCAPE FROM BAD RECKONING—ARRIVAL OFF SANDY HOOK—QUARANTINE GROUND—DUELLING PISTOLS—A YANKEE MISSES THE MARK—CRUEL INSULT—ARRIVE AT NEW YORK—CITY MARSHAL.

SOME days after the departure of the *Saratoga*, we were chased by a small schooner; when she had nearly come up with us, she fired a gun and hoisted English colours. My American friends were puzzled, and thought she was a man-of-war coming to make them disgorge the sugar and rum which they had gained so cheaply.

The two officers reminded me how well I had been used; and hoped if it should prove to be a "Britisher," I would do them the justice to mention it. I assured them of the high sense I entertained of their kindness, and the pleasure it would give me to report it most favourably to a king's officer; but I felt convinced that the vessel about to overhaul us would not give me the gratifying opportunity—so it proved—she was a privateer

from Boston, and passed close under our stern, into which, if American colours had not been flying at the peak, she would have poured a raking fire and settled the business in a few minutes; instead of playing at long bowls (as the sailors term it) like the *Saratoga*. Captain Worcester however had a good excuse for his more leisurely proceeding; most of his crew were landsmen; they had not been long out of port, and were desperately seasick.

The stranger having satisfied her curiosity, took a polite leave of us, and pursued her roving course. We expected very shortly to make the land; and as all hope of recapture seemed to be at an end, I was as anxious as any person on board, to see the beautiful entrance into New York harbour, which they described in glowing terms.

The prospect before me was certainly not encouraging. My naturally buoyant spirits began to flag. I grew heartily tired of my two companions in the cabin, one of whom was a slovenly and ignorant mulatto, whose society rather offended my West Indian prejudices. Sleep refused it's friendly aid, "to steep my senses in forgetfulness." Weary of tossing from side to side, I rose before day-break to seek refreshment in a walk upon deck. I had been for some minutes leaning over the weather gangway, enjoying the cool air of the morning, when a noise caught my ear, which puzzled me to

account for; on listening more attentively, it sounded like the sea washing over a sandy beach. Not wishing to give a false alarm, I waited until fully satisfied on the point. Then calling the dark gentleman who had the watch on deck, I desired him to listen and tell me if he heard anything. "No," said he, "what do you expect to hear in this place?" I replied, "one sometimes hears unexpected sounds; and certainly I did not anticipate these, supposing your reckoning to be correct." "What do you mean?" he rejoined. "Why," said I, "I mean that I hear breakers a-head, and if you do not put the brig about, you will speedily feel them." He scarcely appeared to believe me; but I spoke in so decided a tone that he called the prize master, who turned out with great reluctance, and being but half-awake, of course could hear nothing. After listening for a few minutes he confirmed the incredulity of his shipmate, by saying, "I guess we shall not make the land until to-morrow." The sound again distinctly reached me. "Is it possible," said I, "that you do not hear that? It concerns yourselves more than me. It is a nice calm morning, there is no sea on, we are but few and have plenty of boats; you will soon see who is right."

Still sceptical, he turned away to finish his snooze; but, just as he reached the companion ladder, the wheel was jerked out of the helmsman's

hand, who cried out, in alarm, "She struck!" I was wicked enough to rejoice at the confusion which instantly arose. "Hard up with the helm! call all hands!" vociferated the frightened officer. The deck was heartily belaboured with a heavy hand-spike, to rouse the men, who came tumbling up in astonishment. The brig went kindly round, grazed the top of a sand-bank on which she hung for a few seconds; then another, and with a long and leisurely slide over a third, which we feared would bring her up, she happily, fell into deep water, and the danger was passed; more by the kindness of Providence, than the skill of the navigators. They were heartily ashamed of themselves, and begged me not to mention the circumstance in New York; of course, therefore, it was not noted in the log.

We arrived off Sandy Hook two days after this escape; passing through the narrows, we came to anchor close under Staten Island, where we were detained in quarantine for the usual time, in consequence of the death that had happened on board before we were taken. This was little better than a form; for I was allowed to go ashore and employ myself as I chose. I sometimes chatted with a kind old woman, who invited me to rest in the porch of her neat cottage, and refresh myself with delicious apples, which she gratuitously placed before me. They were just completing a bomb-proof battery, at the water's edge, to com-

mand the narrow entrance into the harbour. I watched the progress of the work, mingled with the workmen, and found great amusement in their conversation; although my national prejudices were often wounded, almost beyond endurance, by their expressions of unmitigated enmity against the "Britishers."

A brother of the prize-master, a handsome and active youth, somewhat younger than myself, came from the city to welcome his arrival, and remained with us for several days. We were for the time inseparable. It was impossible not to like him; for, in addition to the outward advantages of form and feature, he seemed to be of an ingenuous and manly disposition, and took pleasure in affording me amusement. We were very good friends, until one day producing a pair of English-made duelling pistols, of which he was very proud, "Come," said he, "and I will show you how a Yankee can crack a bottle." I went with him on deck. Having loaded his weapons, he corked an empty wine bottle, threw it overboard, and, taking a deliberate aim, fired at it. The ball struck the water very wide of the mark. He made a second trial with no better success. The men and I laughed at his failure. "Now," said I, "let me show you how an Englishman can do it." This he could not well refuse. I had observed that he used too much powder. Cautiously loading the pistols myself,

which he would fain have done for me, he threw another bottle overboard. I fired, and down it sank. There was an exulting shout from the lookers-on, and my friend, in a state of rude excitement from evident chagrin, said, "Poh! poh! It was a chance shot; you will not do it again, if you try a dozen times." Believing him to be more than half right in his assertion, I refused to make another trial. He never recovered his cordiality; and I fear was led a few days afterwards, to use a very unworthy method of retaliation. The period of quarantine had expired; the anchor weighed, sails set, and the brig was beginning to move through the water towards New York; he rushed in an impetuous manner into the cabin where I was reading, and begged me to come on deck instantly, as he could show me a most beautiful sight. I conceived that he alluded to the surrounding scenery, and hastened to follow him. On arriving upon deck, with a most insulting expression he pointed to the mast-head. "Look there!" said he, "There's a glorious sight!—that's how it ought always to be." I beheld a new American flag proudly waving over the honoured ensign of my country, to designate that the brig was a prize.

The feelings which this unexpected sight aroused cannot be described. I was for a few moments utterly confounded; while he seemed to exult in the effect of this ungenerous act. Subduing, with no

small effort, the first burst of indignation, to which, reckless of all consequences, I was on the point of yielding, and throwing upon him a look of utter contempt, I calmly said, "I may live to meet you under a change of circumstances; if so, you shall see how far superior an Englishman is, in all things, to a Yankee." Then, rushing below, I seated myself in an agony at the table, and, covering my face, gave way to a flood of tears.

The prize-master having learned the cause of my quitting the deck in a state of such excitement, severely rebuked his brother, and brought him into the cabin to express regret for what he had done. My mind was not prepared to listen to accommodation on any terms; I therefore proudly disdained to receive an apology from one so thoroughly beneath my notice.

This occurrence prevented me from appearing again on deck until we drew very near to the city. Before we reached the anchorage my only hat was knocked overboard, and irrecoverably carried away by the tide.

As soon as my commanding officer had given the brig into the charge of the Custom House authorities, he delicately intimated that I must accompany him, as a prisoner of war, to the City Marshal's office. To march through a populous city uncovered, was particularly disagreeable; therefore, I requested him to stop at a shop on the way, at

which, without reflecting on the folly of the act, I spent my eight dollars in the purchase of a hat.

It produced a favourable effect, however, on Mr. Peter Curtenius, to whose office we were bound ; for, after listening attentively to the prize-master's statement, he turned to me, and began in the true American style, with "Your appearance bespeaks the gentleman, sir !"

He was a person of very courteous manners, and displayed no needless pride of office. He seemed to be puzzled to know how I should be dealt with ; and conversed for some time with my companion, in an under tone.

Wishing to be relieved from suspense, and to know the worst, I ventured to ask, "must I be locked up, sir?" "Not unless you prefer it," was his reply. "It were strange for an Englishman to prefer a prison," said I, "but I have no means, and necessity may compel me to submit to such an unpleasant alternative ; in which case how shall I fare?" "You will be allowed forty cents per diem, to find yourself." After brief reflection, I resumed, "Unless you insist on my going to prison, I had rather starve at liberty." "You may please yourself, sir," "May I go?" "Stop one moment, if you please. If you give me your word of honour to appear before me on Monday at ten o'clock, can I depend upon you?" "Most certainly," said I. This was on a Saturday.

Having pledged my word to that effect, I made my bow to Mr. Curtenius, shook hands with my keeper, thanked him heartily for all his kindness, and launched boldly into the crowded streets of a great and populous city, without a sixpence in my pocket,—“unknowing and unknown.”

CHAPTER XI.

MEET OLD JOHN — HOSPITABLE IRISHMAN — SECOND INTERVIEW WITH MR. CURTENIUS—SHIP FOR ENGLAND — CRUEL DISAPPOINTMENT—MESSRS. ABRAHAM RUCKER AND CO. — LIBERALITY OF THE AMERICAN OWNERS—UNPLEASANT FROLIC OF A DRUNKEN SAILOR—UNEXPECTED GOOD FORTUNE.

I SAUNTERED carelessly along, until curiosity began to flag; and (which was a much more serious affair) until the want of sustenance induced an unpleasant faintness, such as, in all my trials, I had never before experienced.

It was late in the afternoon; I had breakfasted sparingly at an unusually early hour, and had undergone much bodily fatigue and mental suffering. It became necessary to decide what could be done for shelter, at least through that night and the following day; after which, I could but go to prison.

Uncertain where to bend my steps, I still went on through a kind of Wapping district, abounding in porter-houses, as they were called, and filled

with sailors; my steps were most providentially directed.

At the door of one of these houses I beheld with pleasure and surprise one familiar face. Old John stood before me; he had been taken to prison the day before we left the quarantine ground. The following dialogue commenced between us.

“Why, John, is this you? I thought you were in prison.” “So I was for a short time, but they did not lock us up; the prison is on an island just opposite the city; a man offered me a cast in his boat, so I thought I might as well come over.” “Are you going back again?” “No, not I.” “What are you doing here? How do you manage to live?” “The master of this house is a kind-hearted Irishman, he says he’ll never see an Englishman in want as long as he can relieve him; so you see he makes me welcome to my grub and lodging all free gratis.” “John, my boy, that’s the very sort of man I want to meet with; you must introduce me to him, will you?” “Aye, willingly.”

Going into the house he called the landlord, who quickly made his appearance, expecting, no doubt, a more profitable customer. His outward man made no very favourable impression. Imagine a short punchy fellow, about five-and-forty, inclined to corpulency, with greyish hair, large

mouth, a most uncomfortable squint, and rather bandy legs.

With money in my pocket, I certainly should not have selected such a host. Notwithstanding all these external disadvantages, he was a kind and worthy man, disinterested and hospitable.

I told my tale, which John fully corroborated. I confessed that I neither had money then, nor the most distant chance of procuring any in that country; all I wanted was shelter until Monday morning, when I should present myself again before the city marshal, and claim the privilege of prison accommodation, and forty cents per diem.

"Och," said he, "I'll not hear a word of it; sure, if ye can make shift wid our fare, ye'll take your mails wid me wife and me, and we'll make ye mighty welcome, so no more about it, but step in."

The proposal was too kind, and too well accorded with my wants to be refused. Assuring him that he should be repaid some day, if my life was spared to reach England, I went into his clean little parlour off the bar, where I found his wife, a young good looking American, who added her assurances to those of her husband, that I should be welcome to live with them as long as I chose.

Here, then, I was in clover; always a joint of meat or some excellent fish, with apple or peach pie or pudding for dinner, peaches and milk (no

unpalatable mess) for breakfast, and often the same for supper. I scrupulously refused pressing invitations to drink either porter or whisky-punch.

On the Monday, true to my appointment, I presented myself before Mr. Curtenius, and was rather mortified to find that my "*gentlemanly appearance*" had failed to make any lasting impression on his mind. He did not recognize me, until I had refreshed his memory by repeating the circumstances under which I had been brought to his notice on the previous Saturday. He desired me to show myself once a-week, and I left the office to explore the city.

In my wanderings a placard caught my eye, headed by the tantalizing words, "For England!" It stated that a ship would sail in a few days, and referred to Messrs. White and Co. for passage, &c. I lost no time to enquire my way to their counting-house, and soon found myself at the door, which I opened in almost breathless anxiety. The next moment I was in the presence of a formal-looking personage, dressed in a coat of sad colour, cut in the Quaker fashion. I explained my business with all the eloquence I could muster, gave him to understand it was a matter of great importance to my future prospects that I should get to England by the first opportunity, and hoped therefore to be able to arrange with him for a passage.

He first assured me the ship was quite full; it was impossible to take one more. I said, it was of so much consequence to me to get home, that I did not care for what is called accommodation. I had been of late used to rough it, and would not object even to lie on the deck, if I might but be carried to England. If that were the case, he said, I might go. In reply to my question as to terms, I forget the sum he named, but it appeared something very unreasonable, especially for the proposed accommodation. However, I agreed to give him a draft for the amount, on a mercantile house, to be paid on my arrival. He objected to this, and required the cash down; which, of course, I could not give.

In vain did I almost supplicate; reminding him that his captain could detain me on board until the demand was satisfied. He remained inexorable. Driven to despair, with some bitter allusion to his want of Christian kindness, I left the room to take refuge with my Irish friend.

A day or two after this miserable failure, I remembered having a puncheon of rum on board of the brig when she was taken. Catching, as it were, at this straw, it seemed not impossible that the owners of the privateer might be prevailed on to make some small allowance for it, in my otherwise hopeless circumstances. I determined to try

the experiment as a last resource ; in pursuance of which I called on Messrs. Abraham Rucker and Co., chemists and druggists, Fore-street, who had some shares in the prize ; one of the partners was in the shop, to whom, after giving my name and the particulars of my case, I said, " I know that by the usages of war I can have no claim on your consideration ; but I hope other motives will induce you to make some small allowance, under my trying privations."

I received a civil and sympathizing answer. Mr. Rucker said, " I really feel for you, sir, and you may rely on my stating the matter for the consideration of the owners. I have only one voice, but that shall be used to the utmost in your behalf. There will be a meeting this evening, and if you will call here in the morning, I shall be happy to let you know the result ; which I hope may prove favourable, although I would not have you build upon it, because there are many opinions to consult." I thanked him, and returned to my peach and milk fare, with pleasing anticipations of success.

In the night, my dreams were rudely disturbed by the frolics of a drunken sailor, who came to the foot of my bed, calling out in a boatswain's voice, " All hands a hoy—'bout ship—tumble up there—come, rouse up you lazy lubber," and un-

ceremoniously seizing my ankles in his iron grasp, pulled me violently off from the miserable apology for a bed, and dragged me round the room, to the great amusement of his comrades.

He was a good-natured fellow, nevertheless; said he only meant it for a lark, and hoped no offence. I was obliged to pocket the affront, returned to my pallet, and soon fell asleep. The next morning sundry bruises reminded me of the adventure, and indeed refreshed my memory on the subject for the following week.

Having dispatched my frugal breakfast, I hastened to Mr. Rucker. The rebuff I had received from my Quaker friend had taught me to prepare for disappointment. I opened the door of the chemist's shop with a trembling hand; but on beholding the benignant smile of its inmate, I felt assured he had succeeded. "I am glad to tell you," said he, "that I have done better for you than I expected, though not quite as I could wish. You must understand that our government levies very heavy duties on all prize articles, and there are other expenses to be taken into account; so that, I am sorry to say, they cannot agree to allow you more than fifty dollars for your puncheon of rum. Here is the sum, and I am very glad to be the bearer of even that." Having expressed my warmest thanks to him for the kind

interest and trouble he had taken in my behalf, and begged him to convey my acknowledgments to the other owners, I returned in great glee to my landlord; to his astonishment paid up my arrears, and insisted on indemnifying him for my old shipmate also, which I continued to do while I remained in New York.

CHAPTER XII.

MEET WITH JOHNNY—HIS DERELICTION—AMERICAN PROTECTION—SHAMEFUL CONDUCT OF CAPTAIN—
—STORMY RENCONTRE—PLEASANT MEETING WITH THE MATE—PUT ON PAROLE—SAIL FROM NEW YORK IN THE JANE MARIA—CAPTAIN LAWRENCE.

STROLLING in the neighbourhood, I met with Johnny, the apprentice who, during the action, begged me to watch the shot, and ingloriously deserted his post to hide his head in the hold. He was dressed in a new suit, with glazed hat, a long steel watch-chain with seals attached, dangling from his fob. Had he not accosted me, I should have passed him by unnoticed. "Hollo, Johnny," said I, "I am glad to see you looking so well. I thought you were in confinement." "O no," he replied, "they are glad to get seamen; they don't keep them in prison, but leave the gates open that they may go in and out as they please." "So they all tell me," said I. "But how did you manage to get these fine clothes, and

that watch which I see? you had none, I think, on board the brig." "O," said he, "I have volunteered for the Saratoga." "What!" I exclaimed, "*you* volunteer to fight! and to fight against your king and country! you young scoundrel! If I ever meet you in England I'll have you hanged to a certainty!" "No, you won't," he replied, "I have taken good care of all that. I have got a regular American protection." This he produced. It was a tissue of lies, describing him under another name (to the best of my recollection), stating that he was born in New York, of parents who were citizens of the United States. This document was sworn to before some local authority, and duly witnessed.

I told him that to his base conduct as a traitor, he had added the sin of perjury; and that if he escaped the hangman, he might expect to be shot for cowardice, by the Yankees themselves.

My excited manner and loud tone, was beginning to draw together a rather unamiable looking party, and I thought it prudent to move off.

Pursuing my walk, I was attracted by a crowd of sailors assembled at the door of a porter house, where it was evident from the mournful countenances around me, and a few broken sentences which reached my ears, that some awful catastrophe had happened. I was, from curiosity, induced to enter the house, to learn the truth of the

report of those without. The landlady and her two daughters, who appeared to be respectable and kind persons, gave me the following melancholy particulars of an event which had excited a strong sensation in the neighbourhood, and very much shocked themselves. About an hour before I arrived there, an English seaman, between forty and fifty years old, was walking up the street in a very dejected state of mind. As he passed the door, a shipmate recognized him, and invited him in, to rest and refresh himself; for he acknowledged that he had not tasted any thing that day, and declared he never would allow food to pass his lips in that country. The dinner was on the table, and the landlady came out to announce it to some of her lodgers, who were engaged in conversation in the street. With genuine kindness she urged the stranger to enter and partake of their fare. Overcome by her hospitable solicitations he consented, saying—"You women are good creatures; I cannot refuse to come in, for I have a dear wife and daughter at home who would love you for your kindness to me if they did but know it. I shall not live to see them again. I have lost all my earnings, and I should go home a beggar, if I went at all. I will come in, for I like to see kindness in a woman, and I thank you for it—but its all too late." Saying which, he entered the room where the dinner was prepared, and

seated himself in a corner, at a distance from the table. For some time he resisted every solicitation to draw nearer, wickedly uttering a solemn wish that the first morsel he should attempt to swallow in New York might choke him. This impious prayer was soon to be awfully answered; for, yielding at last to the unceasing requests of the women, he permitted them to put some meat on his plate, a morsel of which he conveyed to his mouth; but, in the act of swallowing it, fell back in his chair and suddenly expired.

All this time I had seen nothing of my former captain. Accidentally meeting him, it was natural for me to tell him all that had happened to me since we parted on board of the privateer. I mentioned the kindness of Mr. Rucker, and the liberality of the owners, in making me an allowance for my rum.

A few days afterwards, an officer of the *Saratoga* called on me, and said—"I think it right you should know what a pretty trick Captain —— has played you. It seems he had some half dozen puncheons on board of the brig; our owners having dealt so liberally with you, encouraged him to apply for a similar indulgence; and he, most unreasonably, expected to be indemnified for all *his* losses by the capture. His application being rejected he became insolent, and was turned out of the room; but before he left the meeting, he de-

clared that the rum which you had claimed, although branded with your name, and inserted in the bill of lading as your property, did not in fact belong to you."

This cruel aspersion confounded me. I never thought well of the man, but I could not believe him capable of fabricating such an injurious calumny. Smarting under a keen sense of the unmerited injury, from one who should rather have afforded protection and assistance; and being desirous of putting myself right with the kind Mr. Rucker and the others, I requested my informant to come with me in search of the captain. We found him. Our interview, as might have been expected, was a stormy one. Although nothing very satisfactory could result from collision with a man so void of principle, I had the means of making him prevaricate and contradict himself under my cross questioning, so that the American officer said, "It is evident you don't speak the truth."

Unfortunately the matter did not rest here. He had been exposed in the presence of a friend, in whose eyes he wished to figure as a man of spirit, and who, perhaps, had hinted that the language I had used was rather strong. This roused within him a burning spirit of revenge. He expressed a determination to chastise my insolence, as he was pleased to call it, and brought his friend with him to witness the infliction.

They suddenly entered the little parlour in which I was seated with my host. The captain demanded, most ferociously, if I persisted in saying that his assertions were false. "Certainly," said I, "and I shall do so with my latest breath. You know they are false, and should be ashamed to utter them." With all the extra exertion of a bullying school boy, he threw off his coat, calling me to come on, and he would serve me out, if I was not a coward. "I think," said I, "I know which of us best deserves *that* epithet." Buttoning my coat, and steadily watching his motions, I continued—"Captain —— this is a practice to which I have never had recourse since my school boy days; but my fists, I suppose, were given to me for protection; I shall not scruple to use them if you offer to strike, and perhaps you may find, to your cost, that I have not forgotten the art." Instead of planting a shower of blows on my devoted carcass, as I fully expected, to the astonishment of the bystanders, and of his friend in particular, (but very much to my own satisfaction), he hastily resumed his coat, vowing that if he ever met me in England he would satiate his vengeance; at which I laughed, and he left the house amidst the sneers of all assembled.

That evening I had the satisfaction to meet my friend the mate, and joyfully handed him his *watch*, in as good order as when he committed

it to my keeping. "Well," said he, grasping my hand, "I always said you were a good fellow. I knew that I should get my watch again." "I hope you never doubted it," said I. "No," he replied, "but the skipper called me a fool, for trusting it with you, and said you would be sure to sell it." Here was another piece of kindness for which I took an early opportunity of thanking the captain.

The fact was, that the prize master very soon cast a longing eye upon it, and repeatedly-urged me to sell it to him. To rid me of his importunity, I was obliged to tell him it belonged to the mate, whom I hoped to meet in New York; if not, I should take it with me to England, in the hope of delivering it to him there.

On my last visit to Mr. Curtenius, I thought it prudent to insist on being put upon parole, so that I might have some document to produce in case of need, to prove who and what I was. He gave me the customary certificate, armed with which I felt more secure from inconvenience. Weary of my unavoidable associates, and of the kind of life which I was compelled to lead, and reduced nearly to my last dollar, I heard with joy that a schooner was taken up by the government, to effect a change of prisoners between New York and Halifax. I repaired to the British Consul, shewed him my

parole certificate, and was ordered a passage in the *Jane Maria*, to sail in a few days.

Any change could not but prove agreeable. I expected it would be more easy in a British colony, to procure money for my necessities; or at any rate, to find a speedy passage to England.

Taking a cordial leave of my host and his wife, old John, and others who had been kind to me, with a threadbare and scanty wardrobe, stowed in an imposing trunk, calculated to hold three times the quantity it actually contained, I embarked at the battery, on board the beautiful schooner, penniless.

Captain Lawrence, first cousin to poor Lawrence of the Chesapeake, commanded her, with a crew of ten remarkably fine looking men. Her cargo consisted not of "notions," as the Yankees call an assortment of goods, but of live lumber, in the shape of British merchant seamen, in number about 120, ten man of war's men, being the crew of a sloop which had been taken by a heavy privateer, commanded by a Frenchman, and eighteen or twenty passengers in the small cabin.

These consisted of the late commander of the above mentioned sloop, his surgeon, master's mate, purser, and two or three midshipmen; a Halifax pilot, a medical gentleman and his wife, two mer-

chant captains, two young ladies, a black woman, the son of an honourable seeking employment, myself, and one or two others.

When the bustle of stowing away the luggage had somewhat subsided, Captain Lawrence, a young man of pleasing person and amiable manners, called the gentlemen together on the quarter deck, and thus addressed them:—

“I thought you would find the ship’s provisions, to which you are entitled, but sorry fare; with a view, therefore, to make you more comfortable, I have laid in a supply of poultry, vegetables, fruit, wine, beer, &c. Here is an account of what they cost me. The sum is not large; divided amongst our party, each will have to pay but a trifle. If you are willing, I shall be happy to appropriate them to your use, and I will make the best arrangements in my power for our mutual comfort.”

“The proposal was agreed to by acclamation. I believe mine was the only silent tongue on the occasion. Captain Lawrence then spoke to each individual separately; coming to me, he said, “you have heard my proposal, sir; I hope you will join our mess.”

I told him it would give me great pleasure to do so, but I regretted that my entire want of means at that moment, and the uncertainty of

procuring any in Halifax, would prevent me from partaking of his good cheer.

“Excuse me, sir,” said he, “I will not take a refusal on the grounds you have mentioned. I am commanding officer here, and you really must be guided by my wishes on the subject. Never mind, if you should be so unfortunate as not to get a supply of the needful, you will send me the trifle from England some day or other; so pray oblige me without another word.” My scruples were overcome, and I consented.

A gentle breeze carried us through the narrows. On passing the quarantine ground I beheld the neat cottage on the hill, whose kind tenant treated me with apples during my tedious purification, and I invoked a blessing on her head.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNCOMFORTABLE BED—CAPTAIN FLYNN—THE SELFISH
MAN—NEW METHOD OF BROACHING A CASK—
MUTINY—SPRING A LEAK—INFIDEL DOCTOR—BRIEF
ACCOUNT OF HIS DEATH MANY YEARS AFTER.

As the evening approached, it was necessary to make our arrangements for the night. A schooner's cabin, with a few standing bed places on either side, afforded but scanty sleeping room for our number. The females were first considered. The naval commander, who had not recovered from a severe wound across the back of his neck, close to the base of the skull, required every indulgence. Then came a scramble for the rest.

Our luggage, secured on the deck, rose in a compact mass to a considerable height in the centre of the cabin. On each side of this, space was left just sufficient to admit of reaching the dormitories by a sidelong movement, and a small square spot at the foot of the companion ladder for a table, at which about six persons could sit with elbows touching. Where to lie down to sleep was

a question which puzzled me and several others. At length we were obliged to stow ourselves away, in a compact row, on the hard and uneven surface of brass-bound trunks, portmanteaus, and bundles of every size and shape.

The first night passed in misery beyond the powers of description; but we soon became accustomed to almost any outward inconvenience. Having wriggled my weary body between two trunks, with the aid of a friendly bundle, of rather softer composition than the others, I managed in future to sleep soundly.

There was but little room on deck for exercise, frequently being obliged, when the desire for locomotion became general, to follow each other's heels, locked up in the order, and with the precision of step observed by soldiers marching in close column.

The middies and I kept our muscles in play by running about the rigging; and the days passed away pleasantly enough, enlivened by humorous sallies, and the practical jokes of which sailors are fond.

The life of our party was an Irish captain, named Flynn—a very Falstaff in appearance. He was constantly suggesting some scheme of mischief to the youngsters.

The other merchant captain was of more staid and sober deportment; perfectly good natured,

but of a somewhat selfish turn. He had brought on board a cask of apples, of a peculiarly fine quality, large and rosy. This was lashed to the bulwarks, under the main rigging.

One morning, going to his treasure, as he thought quite unobserved by the boys, he cautiously raised the head of the cask, inserted his hand, and drawing forth an apple, began to eat it with much satisfaction. Two or three of the midshipmen were in an instant at his elbow, on whom he cast an uneasy and suspicious look; again he thrust in his hand, hastily drew forth several apples in succession, deposited them in his capacious pockets, carefully fastened the cask, and walked away, without inviting them to partake of the treat.

“What a greedy old beggar,” said one, in a tone of disappointment. Flynn had observed the proceeding from the opposite side of the deck; calling the youths to him, he asked, “Did he not offer either of you an apple?” “No,” said they, “he munched one before our faces, stuffed the others into his pockets, and marched away with them.” “Well,” said Flynn, “it really was too bad. It will serve him right to take a few. Besides, the poor old man may injure himself by eating too many, if no one helps him. If you would like to give him your assistance, I know how to get at them; quite *by accident* you know.”

“O do tell us,” they all cried. “Its the easiest thing in life, barring my weight, for I am a heavy lump to be sure; but maybe a lighter man would not do the business so well. Do you think you could lift me?” “We’ll try,” said the boys. “Aye, so you shall. I’ll walk over to the other side, and you’ll try if you can manage to lift me, that’s all.”

Laying hold of the rigging, as if to prevent himself from being thrown down by the boys, who were clinging to his legs, he materially aided their efforts. When by these joint exertions he was raised a few inches above the cask, he cried out, as if in alarm, “Let me go, ye villains! let me go!” They instantly obeyed. Down he came upon the head of the cask, which was driven in, and in a few seconds apples were rolling about the decks by dozens.

The proprietor bore his loss with equanimity, but carefully removed the residue to a safer place.

The merchant seamen being aware that the fleet on the American station was short of hands, very naturally expected to be pressed on their arrival at Halifax. A spirit of insubordination increased among them, which might have produced most serious results, had it not met with a timely check. The master’s mate, providentially, overheard the ringleaders arranging a plan for seizing the schooner *and running her on shore*, that they might escape

into the United States. The American crew and the passengers were to be thrown overboard if they resisted, and the rush was to be made in the middle watch that very night.

Captain Lawrence ordered every English sailor below, except the ten man of war's men; these were summoned aft and addressed by their commander, who told them it was their duty to obey him at that time, as if they were on board their former vessel, and called upon them to assist the crew and passengers in preventing the evil intentions of the mutineers. One of these men, having been convicted of fomenting the plot, was immediately placed in irons.

Thus a party, consisting of about thirty-five, including the youngsters, had the arduous task of keeping at least 120 ruffians in subjection; which could only be effected by determined resolution, and vigilant care.

We were all armed, and divided into two watches. Handspikes and every other implement likely to prove dangerous in the hands of the malcontents, were brought aft; sentries were placed on each side of the main hatch, day and night, with orders to permit no more than one person at a time to come on deck, on any pretence. Often, when in my turn, I was stationed at this important post, a crowd would assemble at the foot of the ladder, and seem determined to force their way :

as often was my pistol cocked, with a declaration that I would shoot the first that dared to advance.

Matters remained in this state for a day or two, when there was a cry below that the schooner had sprung a leak, was filling fast, and likely to go down. Nor was it altogether a false alarm.

The mutineers had bored a hole through the bottom, expecting it would induce the captain to run for the coast, and thus facilitate their escape. He ordered the hatches to be battened down, saying with a loud voice to those below, "Now, my lads, understand me; I'm not going to be trifled with. You who have made the leak can stop it when you please; until you do so, and we have pumped her clear, the hatches shall remain on. If it does not stop, we on deck have nothing to fear; there are plenty of boats for *our* safety, and I'll take good care that you all go to Davy's locker, as you deserve."

In vain they protested to be ignorant of the cause, declared that some plank had started, and pretended the greatest alarm. The hatches were firmly secured; the pumps were manned, and after several hours hard work, the schooner was cleared, and the leak effectually stopped.

The weather was fortunately, in general, fine and mild, but an occasional pelting shower at night rendered the service very trying. I was *sometimes* obliged to turn in wet to the skin, with-

out the possibility of changing clothes, a comfort which I had seldom the luxury to enjoy. Here I cannot help mentioning an incident which made a serious impression on my youthful mind.

The medical man, to whom I have referred in the list of passengers, was a person of superior literary attainments, but of infidel opinions, and a zealous promoter of the blasphemies of Tom Paine.

He selected me for his victim, and embraced every opportunity of private conversation to pour in the specious poison. Thank God, I had an antidote within, which effectually protected my mind from the baneful effects of his dangerous insinuations. I had indeed heard of such characters, but had never met with one, and, until then, I was half inclined to doubt their reality.

He began his attack with great caution and subtlety; and as I listened in amazement, he would extol me for liberality and candour. At length, conceiving my mind to be sufficiently prepared to receive the full declaration of his opinions, he lamented most pathetically that an ingenuous youth, whose mind was capable of pursuing the dictates of reason, which alone could lead to truth, should be kept under the thralldom of designing priestcraft and early prepossessions. For his part, he had long risen above the influence of vulgar prejudices, and did not believe in the existence of a God.

“From whence proceed,” said I, “the wonderful works around us? That glorious sun, the mighty deep, the moon and stars, the hosts of animals and birds and fishes, the various tribes of men, the trees and plants, and insects innumerable?”—“Stop,” he replied, “you are too hasty; I do not deny that there is a first cause.” “Enough,” I cried, disgusted and horrified at his blasphemy. “That Great First Cause is God, the Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer! And now, Dr. — I request you will never again broach the subject; keep these horrible opinions to yourself.”

An incident occurred soon after this, which powerfully tended to confirm my faith, and, I trust, to shake the Doctor's confidence, if in reality he ever felt any. At the first alarm of the leak above mentioned, the water poured in so copiously, that the men below declared they were nearly up to their knees. The suddenness and apparent imminence of the danger, induced the captain to order preparations for hoisting out the boats. When the panic was at its height, the doctor was standing at the gangway. I was struck with the awful expression on his countenance. I could not refrain from tapping him on the shoulder, and saying, “What think you now? The fallacy of your boasted reason may be proved sooner than you expected!” He thrust me impatiently from him with a look of terror, but made *no reply.*

When the danger had passed, I resumed the subject with him in private. "You have always," said I, "expressed your admiration of my candour. Be equally candid yourself. Pray do tell me what caused *you* to shew more fear at the prospect of death than most of those around you? According to your oft declared opinions, you have nothing to dread hereafter. Tell me, then, sincerely, what was it that appeared to fill you with such horror?" "Why," said he, "you must allow that to sink into annihilation was a dreadful anticipation!" "No, no," I replied, "you must excuse me for saying I cannot believe that was the cause of your fear. You know that you feared there *might* be an hereafter, and a judgment to come! Your conduct was an irresistible confirmation of my belief."

Mrs. — often lamented the sceptical opinions of her miserable husband, and told me that his pertinacity in maintaining them had involved both in much trouble, and destroyed his professional success. He had left London a year or two before, and repaired to New York, which he regarded as the land of freedom, where he hoped to find a host of congenial spirits, a competent provision, and professional fame.

To the honour of America and his own disappointment, Atheism proved to be as unpalatable there as it was in the mother country. Driven by *necessity* he was going to Halifax, where army

surgeons were in request, in the hope of being commissioned to some regiment, in which, happily, for his poor wife, he succeeded.

Many years after these occurrences, on a small island in the Southern hemisphere, being in conversation with a military surgeon, who had served in Nova Scotia, I inquired if he had ever met with Dr. ——. “O yes,” said he, “I killed him.” In explanation of this strange reply, he gave me the following account:—

The doctor had been seized with apoplectic or paralytic symptoms; this surgeon had bled him profusely; the miserable patient partially recovered. Overwhelmed by a horrible dread of death, he insisted on losing more blood; to this the surgeon objected. The doctor requested him to call in others for their opinion; they yielded to his wish. The person who gave me this information was obliged to bleed him, contrary to his judgment, and the unhappy sceptic died under the operation. My informant also said, he had never seen in any patient such a dread of death.

CHAPTER XIV.

MISS THE HALIFAX LIGHT—THE LONELY HARBOUR—A VISIT TO THE SHORE—DESERTED FARM—THE OLD IRISHMAN AND FAMILY—PROCEED TO HALIFAX—EMBARK FOR ENGLAND.

WE very provokingly missed the Halifax light in the night, and the mistake was not discovered until we had run many miles beyond the mark. To retrace our course was, for the present, impracticable, the wind being dead against us. At the recommendation of the pilot, who was well acquainted with the coast, Captain Lawrence made for a small but safe harbour in the neighbourhood, in which he determined to anchor, and wait for a change of wind. Having entered through a narrow channel into a snug little bay, completely shut in by the land, which was thickly covered with stunted oaks and various smaller bushes, we brought up about a hundred yards from the beach, and were delighted to behold a substantial-looking farm-house standing on a gentle elevation, about

the same distance from the water; smoke was issuing from a tall chimney. The captain proposed to enter into a negotiation with its tenants, for a supply of milk, butter, poultry, eggs, &c., as our own stock was nearly expended, and we dreaded the necessity of falling back upon Yankee pork and hard biscuit. To accomplish this desirable object he and I, with several others, pulled a-shore.

On reaching the house, we found it void of inhabitants, though exhibiting every proof of having been very recently occupied; such as a good fire blazing on the hearth, with a kettle of water at the boiling-point singing by its side. In vain did we exert our lungs and rap at the doors of the various rooms, not a sound was heard in reply; one of the party outside came in to tell us he had seen a man at the skirts of a wood no great distance off, peeping at us through the bushes: we walked towards the spot. By dint of loud and oft-repeated assurances that we were friends, he at length emerged from his hiding-place, and advanced to meet us, encouraged by having observed that we were unarmed.

He had a very Crusoe-like appearance; his garments having lost all their original colour, and much of their pristine cut, were patched from end to end with cloth of different textures, and hues as various as might be seen in a tailor's book of *patterns*.

He drew near with considerable hesitation, but was soon assured by the account we gave of the cause of our sudden arrival in his port.

Being convinced of our pacific character, he suddenly turned towards the wood, and called out in a rich Irish brogue, "Come here me jewel ! Come here every mother's son of ye ! Sure they're frinds." Out stepped a rosy-cheeked buxom lass of eighteen, followed by her mother, a good looking woman of about forty, and two or three younger children. The mother gave evident signs that the family circle would shortly be increased.

A privateer had recently pillaged a farm upon the coast, and treated the owners with considerable cruelty ; which led these poor people at first to suspect we were enemies of the same class.

The man was probably sixty, a fine, hearty old fellow, with a thick head of curly grey hair, about five feet ten high, and stoutly made.

Much to his regret he had nothing to offer us but coarse bread and a rasher of bacon ; to which he assured us we should be mighty welcome, and the pure element to quench our thirst. We declined his hospitality, except the spring water, which, after the fetid liquid mis-called fresh water on board of the schooner, we found very grateful. He said that he had not tasted whisky or beer for a month ; but was daily expecting a supply

from Halifax, which he hoped might arrive before we left the harbour, and give him the pleasure of entertaining us more hospitably.

This was, perhaps, thrown out as a hint, which our good-natured captain was not slow in taking.

We returned on board to dinner, and immediately afterwards paid another and more welcome visit to the shore, taking with us an ample supply of rum, sugar, biscuit, and salt beef; one of the party carried his flute, and it was proposed to spend a merry evening with the old Irishman's family. He danced reels himself, and made his wife and daughter foot it as long as they could stand.

For nearly a week this was our amusement every evening.

I tried in vain to learn something of his history. Although naturally communicative, on this subject he was silent and impracticable; we could not even learn his real name, and I forget the one he had assumed. It surprised me to find amongst his books Homer and Virgil, both of which he read. On my observing that he was educated much above his present sphere, as he closed the book he replied in a subdued and melancholy tone "Aye, it's true enough as ye say, I was not always bred to this."

The wind became fair during the night, and at *day-break* we weighed and stood to sea.

The old man, sorry to lose our company, as soon as he heard the noise of the windlass, shoved off in a crazy boat, so small that it appeared to be in danger of swamping with his weight. But he was too late to reach us; wind and tide, especially when wafting a clipper schooner, will wait for no man; and I saw the poor fellow, after a long and useless struggle to overtake us, turn back in despair.

Two or three days brought us in safety to Halifax. I found a merchant willing to advance a trifling sum, which enabled me to pay Captain Lawrence my share of the mess. We parted on the kindest terms, with mutual expressions of an earnest desire to meet again.

Seventeen years afterwards, in a far distant land, a merchant of my acquaintance came to his door as I was riding past, and urged me to dismount and wait for half an hour until the moon should rise, as the nights were then unusually dark, and I had three miles of difficult and dangerous road to travel. His servant took my horse, and I entered the house. In addition to the members of his family, I found two or three strangers of the party; which had I previously known, would, perhaps, have induced me to decline his invitation. In the confusion of finding myself so unexpectedly in a room full of people, I did not catch the names of the persons to whom the mas-

ter introduced me. I had not been seated long when I discovered one to be an American, lately from New York. Being always interested in news from a place in which a short but most eventful period of my life had passed, I listened with attention to all that fell from him. He had just said the thermometer was 86 at New York when he left. I remarked it was somewhat lower when I left. "Were you ever in New York, sir?" said he. On replying in the affirmative, he continued, "May I ask in what year?" "At the latter end of 1812." "Why that was during the war?" "Yes; I was taken by one of your privateers, and carried there much against my will." "May I ask if you went direct to England from New York?" "No, I went in a Cartel schooner to Halifax." Up he jumped, exclaiming, "There was but one during the whole war, that was the 'Jane Maria,' I commanded her;" and, seizing my hand, said, "How do you do, Mr. ——." It was, indeed, very gratifying to meet him again. He sailed two or three days after, and to testify my remembrance of his former kindness, as he was expected to return with a cargo for my mercantile friend, I gave him a large commission to execute for me. But I regret to say we never met again. I learned subsequently, that on his arrival at home he found his wife dead, or dying, and he followed her a few weeks after.

A month or six weeks elapsed before any chance occurred for reaching England. At length a day was fixed for the sailing of the *Asia*, line of battle ship, with Admiral Sawyer, who had just been relieved by Sir J. B. Warren. A large transport and two or three other vessels were to take advantage of her convoy. An application to the Admiral procured me an order for a passage in the transport, in virtue of my being an exchanged prisoner. My old messmate, Flynn, and I had boarded in the same house at Halifax, and were to be shipmates on the passage home. Before embarking I was obliged to recruit my wardrobe considerably, which nearly swallowed up the small balance in my purse, and the last remaining dollar was spent in the purchase of potatoes for a sea-stock, the only delicacy we took on board. Having nothing to depend upon but the ship's beef, pork, and biscuit, with the usual allowance of rum, we considered ourselves fortunate in being able to lay in a store of this wholesome esculent, and agreed to perform the office of cook by daily turns. The ship was of considerable tonnage, and the accommodation spacious. Our party, to whom the great cabin was appropriated, consisted of nine; three subaltern officers, one having his wife with him, three merchant captains, beside Flynn and myself. A more unpleasant set I never met with, with the exception of one of the captains, my

old shipmate, and a poor ensign in an advanced stage of consumption: the others were vulgar, overbearing, and impracticable. We very soon found it impossible to hold any intercourse with them; and notwithstanding the greatest circumspection, were in constant hot water. The captain of the ship was a quiet, inoffensive person; but with him we had little intercourse. There was also an old lieutenant of the navy on board, as agent for transports; prudence forbade his associating familiarly with the cabin passengers. He had seen much service, was a gentlemanly, pleasant man; occasionally overhearing the annoyances to which I was exposed by the bearish conduct of some of the set, he gave me many a useful hint for the regulation of my conduct.

CHAPTER XV.

SIGNAL FOR A SURGEON—DEATH ON BOARD—COD FISHING—PART FROM THE CONVOY—FALSE ALARM—THE SELFISH MESS—POTATOES AND PORK—DIFFICULTY AND DANGER OF GETTING DINNER.—THE UNFORTUNATE TEA KETTLE—FLYNN'S MAL PRACTICES—THE LOST QUARTER OF BEEF—THE INVALID—THE BARBER IN DISGRACE.

We had sailed but a few days when the captain, whom I have mentioned as an exception to the others, showed symptoms of indisposition, which gradually increased, until it became necessary to make a signal to the man-of-war for a surgeon. One was promptly sent, and proved to be our former messmate on board of the "Jane-Maria." He pronounced the case to be a highly infectious fever; and urged the propriety of having the patient removed from the cabin. A place was prepared for him forward; I engaged to see the prescriptions duly administered, and to apply a

blister to his head. All the directions were strictly followed ; but the disease was too far advanced to give any hope of recovery. On the second day after the surgeon's visit, his remains were consigned to the deep.

The wind being light and the sea smooth, the captain ordered some deep sea-lines to be prepared for fishing. Flynn and I joined in the sport, and derived both amusement and profit from the employment. In the course of half an hour more fish were caught than the whole of the ship's company could have consumed in many days. Half-a-dozen hooks baited with pork, or even with a bit of rag, were fastened to the line, the lowest of them ten or twelve feet from the heavy lead at the end of it. It was lowered away until the lead touched the sand, moved gently up and down for a few seconds: when a slight tremulous motion was felt, it was hauled up with two or three fine cod-fish hooked. Then came the odour of fried fish and onions ; which, grateful enough at the first, from its variety, soon became a most serious nuisance to the whole ship. For many days the smell of fish was intolerable ; the lower rigging being hung with rows of cod spread open to dry.

The breeze began to freshen, loaded with a thick and driving mist, and soon increased to a very serious gale. Top-sails were close reefed, the gallant-masts struck, and everything made

snug. Transports, in those days, were not the most eligible class of vessels for safe conveyance; they were generally of a certain age, roomy, and affording good accommodation; but often ill-found and half rotten. The creaking of bulk-heads, and the melancholy sound of the chain-pumps incessantly going, rendered sleep impossible, and filled the mind with gloomy apprehensions. We were soon left to ourselves. When the weather moderated, a few invalid soldiers, one having lost an arm, another a leg, were exercised with the seamen at the guns, to prepare for a privateer; which it was by no means improbable we might encounter. Should such a contingency arise, the result must evidently prove another trip, if not to New York, to Baltimore or Boston, or some other American port, which I heartily deprecated. It was not long before the appearance of a small vessel called all hands to quarters; an invalid with one arm shouldered his musket, and showed us how he could manage to use it almost as well as ever. Everybody appeared to be in the highest spirits. The adjutant trod the deck in uniform, and drilled his miserable squad of sickly men; one of the merchant-captains requested me to join him at the sternmost gun, whispering in my ear, and giving at the same time a most knowing wink, "I assure you it's the safest place." As "a burnt child," according to the old adage, "dreads

the fire," so did past experience make me dread the second edition of a Yankee privateer. Happily the suspicious stranger pursued her course without evincing the least desire to make our acquaintance, and my mind was soon relieved from all unpleasant apprehensions.

Two of our fellow-passengers had an ample supply of fresh beef hanging at the stern; about twice a week they were able to rejoice in a tempting roast, with brown potatoes swimming in the fat. We dined in separate parties, each selecting a favourite spot. The fresh meat gentlemen would spread a cloth on the table, with all the additions of salt-cellar, mustard-pot, and vinegar-cruet: Flynn and I were content to sneak from observation into a secluded corner, with a large round wooden bowl filled with smoking potatoes with their jackets on, crowned with a modicum of salt beef or pork. We had in turns to draw up a bucket of water, wash the potatoes, elbow the invalids round the cook's fire, fight for a place to put our kettle on, watch them carefully till boiled, apply to the cook for our ration of meat, and having transferred the whole into a wooden bowl (lent to us as a great favour, at the price of an occasional glass of grog), to carry it to the cabin. The performance of this indispensable duty was always sufficiently unpleasant, often difficult and hazardous. When going nine knots, for in-

stance, there was a possibility of losing the bucket, or of being pulled overboard; and in wet and windy weather, a sprawl on the slippery deck, or a tumble down the companion-ladder, was with difficulty avoided. On the occurrence of such sinister events, our companions were immoderately facetious; and so bearish withal, that Flynn's Irish blood would boil, and vent its fervour in no very mild expressions. This feeling arose at last to inveterate hatred, which I feared would some day end in his bestowing upon the most obnoxious of them a hearty drubbing. Although their evident want of spirit prevented this method of infliction, he wreaked his vengeance, I am sorry to say, in other and more unjustifiable ways. On one occasion he politely requested the loan of their tea-kettle, which was rudely refused. A few days after, it was missing, and they threw out dark insinuations that some disreputable person must have thrown it overboard. Flynn, at this time guiltless, declared that he would knock any man down that accused him of such an act. He happened that evening, very unfortunately, to stumble over the said kettle in the dark, and seizing it in a rage, overboard it went. One Saturday evening he saw them gloating over their last remaining quarter of beef, in anxious debate how they should cut the piece for the next day's dinner. He heard them defer the operation until

the morning. That night the rope that secured it was cut unseen, and, with a heavy plunge, the meat descended to the sharks.

I had devoted myself very much from the commencement of our passage to the consumptive ensign. It employed my time to minister to his comfort ; my services became every day more acceptable to him, and more necessary. He lived exclusively on arrow-root, sago, tapioca, and preserved milk, with which he was well provided. But his only attendant being a clumsy, drunken invalid soldier, his messes were dirtily and ill-prepared. I saw the painful difficulty, and volunteered to take the office of nurse and cook, if he would permit me. This was at first politely refused. I was not to be so easily repulsed. Accompanying the servant to the fore-castle, I insisted on preparing his master's meal. To my delight it was taken with satisfaction, and, in my hearing, the man was commended for his skill. After two or three tricks of this kind, it was discovered that I had been the cook ; after which I was duly installed in my new office, and was allowed full liberty to practice the culinary art openly.

In the midst of much hardship, privation, and misery, I here found a source of interest and comfort.

My patient soon began to assume a tone of absolute authority over my every movement.

I slept in a cot slung to the beams near to his standing bed-place, and was often roused soon after day-break by his complaining call of—" You lazy fellow, I wish you would get up; I want my breakfast, and you lie snoring there." I yielded to his sway, and did everything in my power to soothe his sufferings, day and night: in one requirement alone, I failed.

He once said, " You seem to be able to do everything; I want shaving: do you think you could shave me?" " I know not till I try," said I. Having duly lathered his chin, *secundum artem*, after a long stretch of the arm, and a preliminary flourish of the razor, I attempted to make a scrape. The tears started to his eyes, and he peremptorily ordered me to desist. Humbled by the failure, and not daring to sue for leave to try again, the instrument of torture was consigned to its case, and the attempt abandoned, never to be renewed.

CHAPTER XVI.

COAST OF IRELAND—PLEASANT INTRODUCTION—ROMANTIC INCIDENT—IRISH HOSPITALITY—COVE OF CORK—DEATH OF THE INVALID—NUISANCE OF AN IRISH WAKE—LAND AT PLYMOUTH DOCK—ARRIVE IN LONDON.

WE were bound to Portsmouth, but continued contrary gales drove us on the coast of Ireland. Not being able to reach the Cove of Cork, we took refuge in a small haven, about a day's sail from that harbour.

Our arrival excited a great stir in the secluded spot; no ship of our size had for many years sought refuge there. A boat full of "Paddies" was soon along side, and a remarkably fine-looking old gentleman stepped upon deck.

Having learned from the captain that one of the passengers was lately from Jamaica, he desired to be introduced to him. I was called and duly presented. Our conversation, in substance, was as follows:—

“ You are from Jamaica, I understand ?”

‘ Yes, sir.”

“ Do you happen to know my friend S—— ?”

“ We dined in company a few days before I left.”

“ Do you know Miss W—— ?”

“ Very intimately ; she is by this time, I should hope, in Bath, as she was to sail from Jamaica a short time after I left.”

“ Yes, she is. My daughters and she were schoolfellows.”

“ Indeed, sir.”

“ Will you dine with us to-morrow at six ?”

“ I fear my wardrobe is too much out at elbows to admit of my accepting your kind invitation, otherwise it would give me great pleasure.”

“ Oh, never mind trifles of that sort ; you must come ; I want to have a long talk about Jamaica friends, with whom, strange to say, I became acquainted by the same accident which has caused our meeting. S— happened to be in a homeward-bound West Indiaman, and was driven in here by stress of weather ; that was the commencement of our intimacy. Say you’ll come.”

“ If I can possibly make a respectable appearance I will dine with you.”

“ That’s my house among the trees. I’ll tell the porter to admit you into my grounds at your pleasure ; you’ll find some pleasant walks, and as

there are no others in the neighbourhood, I hope you will use them."

Having thanked him for his kindness, we shook hands at the gangway, and he descended to his boat.

That evening, having requested me to take lodgings for him on shore, I accompanied the invalid to comfortable apartments at the village shop.

About noon on the following day, I wished to explore the neighbourhood, and obtained a very reluctant leave of absence for an hour; but was obliged to promise I would return in that time, as I was to dine out at six.

Turning down the road leading to Col. T——'s residence, I entered the gate by the lodge, and had just arrived opposite to the mansion, in front of which the road passed, and turned rather sharply to the left through a thick shrubbery, when I heard the clattering of horses' feet, as if approaching at full speed from that direction. I had scarcely time to spring out of the way, when a horse dashed past me without a rider, the bridle loose and stirrups flying in all directions. I was about to pursue the animal, knowing that the gate must bring him up. This intention was checked by the sudden appearance of two young and interesting ladies, who were hurrying from the house
vident alarm as to the fate of the luckless

rider, whom they supposed had been thrown. They had approached near to the spot on which I stood fixed like a statue, when the voice of a gentleman was heard from the top of a high and woody eminence behind the house and a little to the right of it, exclaiming, "Don't be alarmed; nobody is hurt; the horse was tied to a tree, and has got loose." One of the ladies clasped her hands, and fell pale and fainting into her sister's arms. What was I to do? In an instant I ran to the house, made my way into the kitchen, seized a tumbler which I luckily saw, and (as I suppose) pumped it full of water, for the next moment I found myself again in the presence of the ladies in the act of presenting it.

The effect of the sudden fright had by this time partially subsided; the tumbler was graciously carried to the lips of the sufferer, a polite acknowledgment accorded, a servant in livery took the glass, and the ladies returned slowly to the house. Having made my bow, all wish to explore was dispelled by the romantic incident, and I retraced my steps to amuse my poor friend with the recital of the adventure.

At the appointed time, with the aid of a borrowed pair of silk stockings, I dressed myself in tolerable style, and went to Colonel ——'s, at the dinner hour.

I was a little abashed by the thanks of Mrs. —— and her daughters, for my poor attempt to as-

sist them in the morning ; but was highly gratified by the kind mention they were pleased to make of the trifle, and was soon re-assured by the frank and hospitable reception afforded by my host and all his family. The younger son, with a clerical friend and a Roman Catholic gentleman, made up the party. For the six months previous, I had often been compelled to herd with the refuse of society ; always exposed to discomfort, want, and danger.

The change was overpowering ; and the evening passed in a kind of bewildered ecstasy, which I was incapable of enjoying to the full.

The following day my table was strewed with cards, and invitations of all sorts followed in quick succession. A ball was announced for some charitable purpose, at which my company was solicited, and I danced to the novel music of the Irish pipes. During the short week of my stay the attention shown to me was beyond description, and the hospitality unbounded.

The wind having become favourable, the Transport was prepared to weigh. That day I was engaged to dine with the Roman Catholic gentleman whom I had met at Colonel ——'s. I called upon him to say that the sailing of the ship would prevent me from having the pleasure. He removed the objection by promising that a fine Revenue cutter on the station, over which he had control, should convey me to Cove, if I missed the ship. I, *therefore*, dined with him. He was a bachelor,

lived in very genteel style, and did everything in his power to show me kindness. The desire of overtaking the ship before she had proceeded far, rendered my visit of shorter duration than I could have wished, and deprived me of thoroughly enjoying his very pleasant entertainment. The time too soon arrived for taking leave of my hospitable friend and his other guests. They accompanied me to the shore, where the cutter's boat was in waiting to convey me to the ship. Before we parted, my host took me aside, and delicately reminded me that I might be detained at Cove for several weeks; placed his purse at my disposal, and urged me to make use of a sufficient sum to secure my comfort until I reached London; adding, "If I have not as much as you require, the captain of the cutter has plenty. I beg you will name any sum, and I will get it for you in an instant." I accepted a trifling loan (which was returned from London), and, parting with the expression of every good wish, I once more resumed the uncomfortable cabin and vulgar society of the Transport.

Mrs. — had, with the greatest kindness and consideration for my sick friend, sent on board a liberal supply of poultry, preserves, &c. They were a comfort to the invalid, and saved me from sinking at once to my humble fare of potatoes and

pork, which the last week's luxurious feasting had rendered doubly distasteful.

Arrived at the Cove of Cork, I hastened to procure lodgings for the invalid, whose anxiety to reach his friends painfully increased with each delay. That morning his thoughts had dwelt much on home. He told me that he was determined to leave the army, and retire to a pleasantly-situated farm, which belonged to him; adding, "and you must come and live with me." Poor youth! while he was thus reckoning on years to come, his very moments were numbered. That afternoon, during the short pull from the ship to the landing place, a sudden and fatal change took place, and he with difficulty reached the lodging.

The apartments were up stairs. The front room being spacious and airy, he expressed a wish to rest himself on a mattress spread upon the floor. When this was ready, and I was assisting him to recline, death seized upon his victim; and in my arms he gently breathed his last.

No sooner was the circumstance known in the neighbourhood (and the news seemed to fly upon the wind) than I was beset with women old and young, in dozens, wailing and howling in the most approved Irish fashion. Vain was every attempt to get rid of this insufferable nuisance. In time,

however, and by dint of no very gentle means occasionally, I managed to eject all but six or eight, who, with the utmost assurance, were seated at a small round table, which they had drawn close to the fire, and were passing their snuff boxes very sociably, waiting for whisky to console their mercenary grief.

That night I passed on the mattrass by the corpse.

When the first feelings of disgust had subsided, my attention was occasionally diverted by the novel strangeness of the women's conduct. So long as they spared my ears by subduing the tones of their wild lament, I could find amusement in listening to the peculiarities of their conversation, much of which was in Irish, and therefore perfectly unintelligible.

The adjutant before mentioned, took possession of the deceased's effects, arranged the funeral, and the remains were committed to the earth with military honours. I still wear a mourning ring sent to me a few weeks after I reached London, by his brother, a clergyman in Sussex, which dates his death January, 1813.

We left the Cove of Cork after a delay of three or four weeks; I hoped to reach Portsmouth, but, as had so often been the case, the wind again prevented us from pursuing the desired course, and obliged the captain to seek refuge in Plymouth.

Landing at the place now called Devonport, I took a final leave of the ship. No longer at the mercy of the winds and waves, but snugly housed in the inside of a fast coach, I arrived in London at the latter end of February, having sailed from the east end of Jamaica about seven months before.

A lapse of nearly five and thirty years have passed: I still retain a grateful recollection of kindness shown by many to a friendless wanderer, during that trying and eventful period of my life. Among the most pleasing of my Irish recollections the names of Townsend, Troy, and Urmston, are indelibly recorded. Nor am I unmindful of higher obligations to that Almighty Power whose Providence shielded me from so many dangers in my days of youthful inexperience—crowned my middle age with many undeserved blessings, and enables me, in the decline of life, to bend with humble submission to His chastening rod, and to rest upon His gracious promise that “all things shall work together for my good.”

TRIFLES FROM ST. HELENA,

RELATING TO

NAPOLEON AND HIS SUITE.

TRIFLES, &c.

Count Montholon having expressed a wish to see me, the governor gave the customary pass, and I proceeded to Long Wood. We met in the front of the house where Napoleon resided, as did the Count and his family, General the Baron Gourgoud, Mr. de Las Cases, his son, and others. Marshall Bertrand and his family were accommodated in a residence which had been built expressly for them, about a hundred yards off.

Montholon not speaking English, a conversation in French was held between us, in substance as follows :—

“I sent for you, Mr. —, to inform you that Madame Montholon has presented me with a fine little girl. I want you to insert the birth of the child in the parish register.”

“I am sorry to say we do not keep a register of births, but of baptisms.”

“Do you mean to say that you cannot register the birth, unless you baptize the child ?”

“Yes; our’s is a baptismal register, and I do not see how I can insert your child’s name therein without having previously baptized her. I am really sorry not to be able to oblige you. Do not mistake me, however; I have no wish to baptize the child; I simply state the fact.”

“This is very unfortunate. How shall I be able to prove the legitimacy of my child at some future day?”

“If that be your only object, I can see no great difficulty in the matter. In your peculiar situation, you have only to send a written statement of particulars, witnessed by the accoucheur and others, to the Governor’s Secretary, or to the Colonial Secretary, by either of whom it will be officially registered, and their certificate will suffice to prove the fact you wish to record.

“Ah no! again no! I’ll tell you. It must be written in a parish register.”

“I am very sorry. Had I known the purpose for which you desired to see me, before I left the town, I might have consulted with my colleague on the subject, although I am persuaded he would think with me, that it cannot be done with propriety.”

“Would you object to baptize the child?”

“Certainly not, if Madame and you wished it.”

“But if you baptize her she will be a Protestant.”

“That does not follow. If I had to bring up the child, she would most assuredly be instructed in the faith of the Church of England. Madame and you will, as certainly, educate her in the tenets of the Church of Rome; my baptizing her could not affect her future belief.”

“Ah yes; she would inevitably be a Protestant.”

“Well, I can only again express my regret, and recommend you to have the birth certified as I have suggested, and the memorandum forwarded to the Governor, or the Colonial Secretary, with a request that it may be recorded in the most official manner.”

Having bowed to Montholon, and hailed the man who was tending my horse, I was in the act of mounting, when the Count called to me, saying—

“Stop a moment—let me speak to you again.” I turned towards him. He requested me to wait until he should learn the Emperor’s opinion on the knotty point.

Having kept me pacing up and down for a good half hour, he returned and accosted me with a mournful countenance and emphatic shrug, saying, “Ah well, it is as I thought. I was quite right. The Emperor is of opinion that if you baptize the child, she will be a Protestant.” I smiled and replied, “The Emperor is a skilful general, possesses

immense information, no doubt, and transcendent talents ; but in this case excuse me if I venture to say, I think he is mistaken. He has not given his mind to the consideration of such matters. I am sorry my visit has proved so unsatisfactory to you. Good morning Count."

I was again preparing to start, but before I could mount he recalled me a second time, and asked if I would baptize the child. I replied, "if Madame and you desire it I can have no objection." "Well then," said he, "come in and do it: we will hear what Madame says."

I was ushered into the Countess' bed chamber. She received me very graciously, and begged to see the prayers which I proposed to use. She understood English perfectly, although she did not speak it.

Having read them over attentively, she exclaimed, with much apparent satisfaction, "Why, they are the same as in our church. I can make no objection to them. Have the goodness to baptize this little girl for us."

Having expressed my willingness, but refused to mix salt with the water, which the fille de chambre in attendance proffered me, I baptized the young lady, according to the form for the private baptism of infants.

Madame was a lively and agreeable person, with whom I chatted whilst Montholon was carefully

preparing a memorandum, that I might insert the names correctly in the parish register.

The room was on the ground floor ; two good sized windows opened into a garden, much frequented by Napoleon, the glare of light being excluded by Venetians inside. Hearing a bustle outside, the Count rose, and peeping through the blinds to ascertain the cause of the noise, suddenly exclaimed, "Voila l'Empereur." "Where is he?" said I, always glad to get a view of him. "There he is," he replied, "in the garden, close to us." I began to feast my eyes on this interesting personage, by stealthily looking through the blind. To my amazement, Montholon drew it up, telling me that I need not fear to look at him openly, as he knew I was there and would not be offended. Fortified by this assurance, I ventured, though still with some degree of hesitation, to look through the window, and saw the strangest sight, and one of more absorbing interest, than any thing I had ever beheld.

Some Chinese labourers, bending under the weight of a huge deal case clamped with iron, and suspended by ropes to thick bamboo poles, which rested on their shoulders, were in the act of setting down the ponderous load.

Napoleon, Las Cases, and others, were standing round it. My eyes were rivetted on the Emperor,

who appeared very impatient to arrive at the contents. Hammer and chisel were soon at work. The case, being quickly opened, revealed a heap of long loose shreds of paper, such as are used in packing books. It contained, in fact, a present for Napoleon's library, of handsomely bound volumes, sent by the Prince Regent.

When the rubbish on the top had been thrown aside, the books were drawn forth, the wrapper torn off from each, and the volumes in succession presented to Napoleon. He cast a rapid glance on every book; as some distasteful tome appeared, he snatched it from the bearer, and with an impetuous "Bah!" sent it sliding in the dirt. The more approved productions were greeted with an expression of satisfaction; and carefully consigned to baskets, which the attendants held to receive them. He himself was very busy in tearing off the envelopes, and in a short time was up to the knees in paper. At length, the baskets being filled, were taken to his apartment; to my regret he followed them, and the interesting scene, which lasted for about twenty minutes, was at an end.

After making my apologies to Madame for the unconscionable length of my visit, (for to tell the truth, the lady and her delicate situation had been all the while forgotten,) I made my bow; and having accepted Montholon's invitation to a "de-

jeuner a la fourchette," I accompanied him to a kind of table d'hôte, round which all the suite, except Bertrand, were assembled.

A chair was offered to me next to Las Cases; as I had reason to suppose from the sequel, in order to give him an opportunity of conversing with me on a particular subject.

He had resided in England for several years, and spoke English fluently. During the course of the breakfast he commenced his conversation thus: Mr. —, all men, you know, have their religion; we have ours; and yet, we are deprived of almost all its comforts and consolations; certainly, of all its outward observances and the spiritual direction of its Ministers. Now, I appeal to you, as a man of God! Do you not think it right and necessary that we should have a Priest of our Church, to reside amongst us.

I replied that I thought it natural and reasonable for them to feel such a desire; but that I was surprised to hear it expressed, because I understood that a Priest had offered to accompany them from Madeira, when they touched at that Island on the passage out; and that one of them had replied, "I want no Priest, get me a good cook."^a I was very glad they had changed their sentiments.

The rest of the party not understanding our conversation, Las Cases explained it to them; upon

which they all began to vociferate—who could have invented such a falsehood? Not one of us would be guilty of such impropriety. We all desire to have a Priest, and we shall not be happy till we have one. “Well,” said I, “such a reasonable request I am sure will be complied with, if you make application in the proper quarter.”

Las Cases resuming the conversation, said, “you acknowledge it to be reasonable and fit that we should have a Priest of our own; I appeal to you, therefore, as being the most suitable person, to make the request for us to Sir Hudson Lowe.”

“Excuse me, Mons. de Las Cases,” said I, “you know very well that I am not the proper channel through which the expression of your wants and wishes should be conveyed to the Governor.—I must decline to interfere—you must apply in the official manner. If any verbal message could, with propriety, be sent on such a subject, I submit that the orderly officer should be the bearer of it; and not I, who am but a casual visitor. Were I to accept the mission, it might prevent, instead of promoting your wishes, from the irregularity of the proceeding.”

After breakfast the party separated, I walked out with Las Cases, who still clung to me; he invited me into his office, where he pertinaciously renewed the conversation. On finding me impracticable, he said, “well, since you will not be the

bearer of our request, will you mention this conversation to the Governor?" "If you desire it I will," said I. He added, "give me your honour that you will." I did so—we parted—my family was at the time on a visit to Plantation House, and that evening I related the conversation to Sir Hudson Lowe, in accordance with my promise, and the earnest request of Las Cases.

Since writing the above, I have procured from a friend M. de Las Cases, Journal, in which he expressed a doubt of my having performed this promise. He writes thus:—

"When the Countess of Montholon was confined, a young English Clergyman of great fervour, came to christen her child. We detained him to breakfast at the general table. The conversation having fallen upon religion, his countenance indicated much surprise, when he heard us lamenting the want of a Priest; believing, no doubt with the vulgar, the heap of nonsense which is continually told of us, he had expected to find himself in the company of renegadoes. It escaped him to confess, that he had heard and believed a report of a Priest having offered himself to us at Madeira, and of our having rejected him, accompanying our refusal with some epithets of coarse ribaldry. He was much astonished to hear, that if such an offer was really made, we had been kept in ignorance of it. Availing myself of this circumstance, I re-

requested the Clergyman, when breakfast was over, to come to my apartment; and I naturally took this opportunity of describing our situation to him in a moral point of view. We had, besides ourselves, women and children, who suffered a real privation from the absence of religious exercises. We were most anxious to supply this deficiency, though without noise or ostentation. Now, said I to him, this is an affair precisely within your province; and I confided to him our wishes, and intrusted to his conscience the care of obtaining the Governor's assent to them. No sooner had I uttered the word Governor, than I thought I discovered an air of embarrassment on his countenance, which indicated the fear of compromising himself; so great was the terror that surrounded us! I heard no more of him. Is it that he durst not fulfil his mission?"

No notice having been taken of the matter, he, most unkindly, assumed that I had failed in my promise. I presume that an official application was subsequently made to the same effect; for, after the departure of Las Cases, two Ecclesiastics arrived in St. Helena. The Abbé Bonavista and a Priest named Vignali.

The Abbé was an amiable and devout person, calculated to be of great service to Napoleon. But I fear his object was more political than spiritual; for, after remaining but for a short time, during

which no doubt he received ample instructions, he was permitted to return to Europe, on the plea of ill health.

Vignali was a rubicund, plethoric personage, who did not appear calculated to gain much influence over the minds of the *detenus*. He remained to witness the closing scene, and officiated at the funeral of Napoleon.

The Emperor used to say that a horse would safely go wherever a man could find footing. It is well known that he was a first rate horseman. For several months after his removal from the Briars to Long Wood, he was accustomed to take frequent rides. On these occasions a British officer always accompanied him, whose presence he found to be peculiarly distasteful.

Captain —, who was the first person that filled the delicate post of orderly officer, among other duties, was required to ascertain, and report morning and evening, the actual presence of Napoleon, and to escort him in his rides, whenever he proposed to pass a certain boundary. He might enjoy a tolerably long ride unattended; a road having been constructed at a considerable expense to enable him to take horse exercise, in private, whenever he chose.

Captain — was a mild gentlemanly person, who, perhaps, under other circumstances, would have met with attention; but the surveillance which

he was obliged to exercise rendered him intolerable to Napoleon, who once said to him after a ride, "Sir, if you were not my jailor I should ask you to dine with me."

He played the poor Captain a pretty trick in one of his rides.

Being chafed more than usual by the pertinacity with which the officer hung upon his track, he determined to shake him off and pursue his ride alone. This he successfully accomplished, by suddenly and at no slight risk turning off the road down a steep ravine. Following a sheep path which ran along the side of a precipitous hill, a projecting rock soon hid him effectually from his confused pursuer. The Captain made a resolute but vain attempt to follow; his nerves were unequal to the difficult task. After dismounting and endeavouring to lead his horse for several yards, by which delay he was distanced beyond all hope of recovery, he with difficulty and danger regained the road, galloped to the nearest signal post, and ordered the astounding signal to be made, "*General Bonaparte is missing!*"

Napoleon, in the mean time, enjoyed his independent ride, returned to Long Wood unobserved, and while the officials were in perplexity as to his whereabouts, he was quietly seated in his own apartment, well satisfied, no doubt, with the success of his chase.

I hope I am not illiberal in thinking that Bertrand was almost the only person in the suite who had followed Napoleon to St. Helena from real attachment, or a disinterested principle of honour. I had frequent conversations with him. He delighted to talk of the Emperor, and appeared to treasure up every trifle that he uttered. Walking with him one day on the summit of a lofty ridge, looking down upon a deep and lonely valley beneath, he observed that the Emperor admired the sequestered spot, and said in his imperfect English, "De Empereur give him name de valley of de seelence." He told me that he, in common with most Frenchmen, used to consider him to be infallible. He had often received an order from Napoleon, the execution of which seeming to be beyond all human power, he would reply, "But, Sire, it is impossible;" the order was generally repeated with an emphatic "*I tell you to do it,*" and it was done.

Bertrand, before a house was expressly built for his accommodation, occupied a cottage on the side of a hill, sloping steeply down to the valley, and immediately above the spot in which the remains of Napoleon were afterwards deposited. A short distance from this place, a delicious spring issued from a rock in the side of the hill, which supplied the Marshal's family with drinking water. Napoleon observed it in one of his rambles, and desired

that he might be furnished from the same source. It was probably two miles distant from Long Wood. Two capacious silver bottles, which had served him in many a campaign, were daily sent to this spring for the purpose. Pointing to a place near to this fountain, he once said, "If I die in St. Helena, and they refuse to send my body to France, bury it here."

The house appropriated to Bonaparte was complained of as being mean and insufficient. It certainly was very inferior to Plantation House; but it was the only available building, and it had for years been occupied by the Lieutenant Governor as his official residence. Admiral Cockburn (now Sir George) caused some additions to be made to it, and every thing was done to improve its comfort. Still I admit that the accommodation was not suitable for Napoleon; and in proof that the government entertained the same opinion, the enormous expense of building the new house was incurred.

Why not have given him Plantation House in the first instance? This question has been frequently proposed. The answer which I have heard made to it (and the truth might easily be ascertained in Leadenhall-street), is—because the East India Company, being proprietors of the island, stipulated that their Governor's residence should *not be given* to the French people. Were this

Trifles from St. Helena.

assertion unfounded in fact, other strong objection might be made to such an arrangement, It was not so safe a position for the prison more difficult to guard—of easier approaches, and dangerously near to the sea, with practicable paths leading to the most accessible places.

The climate of Long Wood has been reported as the worst in the island. It was, no doubt, exposed to the effects of a strong south-east wind often laden with humidity. So were all the healthy parts. The East India Company's Governor, General Dallas, and his family, lived in Long Wood new house for the last three years of his term, *in preference to Plantation House*

To Frenchmen, I can well conceive, that the fogs and cold winds at one season of the year have been very trying; but these disadvantages were irremediable. In such weather the King would walk up and down the billiard room, and amuse himself by throwing the balls about; he also read a great deal; among the books lent to him by the Prince Regent, was the life of Marlborough, whose military talents he professed to admire. This he finally presented to the Duke of the 20th Regiment.

The French people had recourse to military manoeuvres, to increase as much as possible the expenses of the Long Wood establishment.

first, the supplies were furnished on an unlimited scale ; but the incredible consumption of wines, liqueurs, and other costly provisions, rendered it necessary to change this arrangement. On enquiry it was found that an enormous quantity had been daily thrown away, and that a spirit of reckless extravagance prevailed throughout. Bertrand was, therefore, requested to intimate what proportion of each article would amply suffice in future. This was resented as a most insulting piece of tyranny. Was the emperor to have his rations dolled out to him like a common soldier? Sir Hudson Lowe therefore, was obliged to regulate the quantum himself, which was done on an ample and liberal scale.

The sudden increase of population consequent on Napoleon's arrival, severely tested the capabilities of this small island, for supplying so many additional mouths with fresh meat. This led to a large importation of sheep and oxen from the Cape, Benguela, and other ports on the African coast. Before this period no person was allowed to kill his own bullock, calf, or sheep, without special permission from the Governor and Council. This restriction led to the adoption of many cruel practices to obtain a joint ; such as maiming the cattle, as if by accident, or driving them over a precipice that they might be injured past recovery. Bonaparte's table was served, as much as possible, with island meat, that which was imported being of coarse

quality. He adopted a singular scheme for embarrassing the Governor and swelling his own list of grievances. For a considerable time, the Emperor could eat nothing but calves' brains—calves were not imported—the number of young cattle on the spot was very limited—to gratify this penchant, by killing one every day, would soon bring them to an end, and afford another ground for complaint.

Napoleon appeared to give up all hope of being set at liberty, when he observed the expensive preparations for building the new house. As it advanced towards completion, his malady increased, and it became daily more evident to those around him that he was incurably ill; although, I believe, no person understood the precise cause. Still, it was said that *he* seemed to be aware of it; often placing his hand over the seat of pain and exclaiming, "*O mon pylore.*" The disease was evidently of long standing, the stomach having been previously perforated in a part which rested on the liver, and by causing inflammation on the outer surface of that organ, an adhesion had taken place, which prevented the escape of the contents of the stomach, and thus for a time prolonged his life of suffering.

On hearing the report of the surgeons who had conducted the *post mortem* examination, in reference to it, Madame Bertrand said, "If it had been the day of Austerlitz he must have died."

When Bertrand apprised him that the new house was ready for occupation, calling it the palace, Bonaparte exclaimed, "Do not call it my palace but my tomb." In order to make this appellation more appropriate, his attendants attempted to move him into it a short time before his death; but his strength being unequal to the fatigue, he fainted after they had carried him a few yards, and they were obliged to abandon the endeavour. After his decease, the members of his suite, who had hitherto maintained a cold, formal, and gloomy deportment, became suddenly changed into most social, cheerful, and communicative beings. A weight seemed to be removed, which had pressed heavily on their spirits, often rendering them morose and impracticable. Now, they had a prospect of returning to Europe without dishonour, or any imputation on the fidelity of their attachment to fallen greatness. They naturally rejoiced at the termination of a five years' banishment, nor did they dissemble their joy.

Madame Bertrand told me that Napoleon had received the sacrament from the hands of Vignali, some days before his death, having first desired him to administer the holy rite in as simple a form as he could. She also told me he had shown some anxiety about the arrangement of the room after his decease; and had given Vignali instructions relative to the number and position of the tapers,

It was said that he suffered so much pain

from taking the least sustenance, as to render it difficult to persuade him to take anything. For a considerable time before his death, he was in the habit of rejecting all solid food, merely masticating the meat to extract the juice, which alone he swallowed. When very near his end, his attendants endeavoured to give him a small quantity of wine, by introducing it into his mouth with a spoon; a few drops found their way into his stomach, and appeared to cause extreme suffering; his powerful eye flashed angrily upon them, and they dared not repeat the attempt. To the very last he controlled all around him by a look.

In Sir Walter Scott's *History of Napoleon*, mention is made of a violent storm which is said to have happened on the day of his death, by which most of the trees about Long Wood were laid prostrate, and much damage occasioned; and reference is made to a similar convulsion which took place at the death of the Protector. I remember reading this in *St. Helena*, with some surprise, not having the slightest recollection of any such occurrence. I questioned several persons on the subject, but no one could remember it. Being curious on the matter, I rode to Long Wood, and had a long conversation with an old soldier who was there at the time: all I could gain from him was, that a small weeping willow, which had been planted by Napoleon at the edge of a pond

for his gold and silver fish, was blown down on the day of his death; and that the wind was rather high at the time. During the long period of eighteen years' residence on the island, although the wind, which always blows from the south-east, was occasionally very high, it certainly never approached to anything like a storm; and what is more singular, thunder and lightning are almost unknown. I have occasionally observed the latter just above the horizon; and *once only* in the time mentioned did I hear a clap of distant thunder so distinct as to be able to recognise it.

Previous to the funeral, the body was laid in state, dressed in uniform, even to the well known cocked hat, a crucifix being placed on the chest. As I passed the small camp bedstead on which it rested, I took hold of the right hand, which I held in mine for several seconds. It was remarkably small and delicate; in fact it might have been taken for the hand of a lady who had cherished it with great care.

The apartments were arranged just as he used them when alive. In the bedroom were beautiful miniatures of his mother, Marie Louise, and the King of Rome. On the toilette table, with the customary dressing apparatus, were bottles with eau de cologne and lavender; various boxes, one of which I opened, containing small pieces of
"erice; at each corner of the table a white cam-

bric handkerchief, marked with the imperial crown and the letter N. As I examined them I said to a friend, how I should like to have one of these. Well, he replied, why do you not pocket it. Answering the question with, "Thou shalt not steal," I passed on. Some less scrupulous person took possession of it; for before I left the room I perceived it was gone. In an adjoining apartment were amazing heaps of old cocked hats and boots, which reminded one more of Monmouth-street than the Tuilleries.

Before the procession was formed, I asked the Governor where I should take my station. He said, I suppose as usual, before the corpse. On my observing that the priest might object to it, reference was made to Count Montholon, who, after having consulted Vignali, told us that the latter declared he should render himself liable to excommunication, if he were to permit a *heretic* to walk with him on such an occasion, which, of course, I did not insist upon.

The spot which had been selected for the interment was unconsecrated ground, as indeed was every burial ground in the island, since an Episcopal foot had never trod the rock. To prevent the trouble and difficulty of carrying the bodies of soldiers who died in the temporary hospital at Dead Wood, to a distance of at least four miles over a toilsome road, a small enclosure was made nigh at hand to

receive them. The other chaplain and I thought it proper to dedicate this and similar places to the purposes of interment, by the use of prayers suited to the occasion. The French people earnestly requested Sir Hudson Lowe to ask me to set apart the spot which was opened to receive Napoleon's remains in the same manner, in order to secure it from desecration ; to which I willingly consented, and I went to the grave to effect this purpose before the arrival of the procession.

The opening was about eight feet deep ; a kind of coffin had been formed at the bottom, with slabs of Portland stone, taken from the kitchen of the new house, one of which was propped up at the side, to be lowered down, like the lid of a box, after the coffin was deposited ; which being done, it was almost impenetrably secured by a thick mass of stones and mortar, with pails full of Roman cement. No wonder that the Prince de Joinville's party found the disinterment a work of great toil and difficulty. In order to lower this slab with ease, an iron ring bolt was fixed in the back of it ; through this a rope was passed, and secured by two or three turns round one of the willows, the stem of which was much bent, and ran parallel to the side of the grave, so as to admit of my looking down on the coffin beneath, with my arms resting upon the tree. Madame Bertrand stood beside me leaning in the same

Trifles from St. Helena.

manner. We stepped backward a few paces to allow the men to lower away, in the act of doing which, from the great weight of the stone, a large piece of the bark was torn off. I put forth my hand and seized it, saying to Madame, I shall keep this as a relic.

Scarcely had I said this when a stranger accosted me, trembling with agitation, and hardly able to articulate. He implored me to give him a small portion of my prize. He had landed from a passing ship, and, by galloping up the steep hill, managed to arrive just at the conclusion of the ceremony. I tore off about a third of the piece of bark and presented it to one, who I felt sure would value it immensely, for which he expressed himself abundantly thankful.

Three commissioners were sent out by the European powers; what was the nature of their functions I could never ascertain. They were gentlemanly persons, and very sociably inclined. The representative of France, the Marquis de Montchenu, was a fine specimen of the "ancien regime;" a handsome portly old gentleman, with a long queue. It was worth while to see him mounted on his long tailed, ambling black horse. No posture master could be more correct in all his attitudes. His little acts of gallantry were not exactly suited to the English taste, but being very good humoured they were tolerated. One example may suffice.

A young, handsome, and amiable married lady was one forenoon busily employed in some kind of ornamental work, amused by the truly French compliments of the antiquated beau. Unperceived, he snatched up a pair of scissors, stole behind her, most audaciously cut off a pendant lock of hair, and held it up in triumph before her wondering eyes.

He was what is called a “*bon vivant* ;” so the sailors who brought him out to St. Helena seemed to think, and his name gave them an opportunity of displaying their wit on the fore-castle, where he was significantly called “old munch enough.” I do not think he was a *great* eater, although he shewed a very strong preference for some articles of diet.

I dined with the late excellent and lamented Admiral Sir P. Malcolm ; Marshal and Countess Bertrand, the old Marquis, Baron Sturmer,^a Count Balmaine,^b and a large party were present. The Admiral had received a supply of turtle from Ascension. I was seated next to Montchenu. A large tureen of soup was smoking before the Admiral. The Marquis had never tasted this far-famed delicacy. He was plentifully helped in his turn. He seized a spoon, but instead of beginning to employ it as others were doing, he placed it by the side of his plate, and carefully propped up the

^a Austrian Commissioner.

^b Russian Commissioner.

handle with his bread. He then felt for something in his waistcoat pocket, and with his finger and thumb deliberately drew forth a small piece of paper neatly folded; this he carefully opened, and turned its contents into the spoon ready placed for its reception. It appeared, to my wondering eyes, to be a powder of calomel and jalap. Having sedulously mixed it with a small portion of the soup, he carried it to his mouth, and washed down the nauseous dose with successive spoonfuls. This unprecedented act attracted the attention of the guests, all of whom appeared to be disgusted. Some of the foreigners loudly condemned the Frenchman, and one exclaimed, "Execrable."

The old Marquis, with the utmost coolness, attempted to justify his conduct, by saying, that never having tasted turtle soup, and fearing it might disagree with him, he thought it prudent to use that precaution, which he always adopted on similar occasions.

There were always two cruisers on the look out, one to windward, and the other to leeward of the island. A somewhat remarkable coincidence is attached to the commanders of the two brigs which were for a time employed in this service. Two naval officers, respectively named Wallace and Wright, had landed on the coast of France, intrusted with some secret mission. They were captured, and thrown into prison. Wright, who is supposed to have been treated with atrocious

cruelty, was ultimately found dead in his cell, and was reported, by the French, to have committed suicide. The conviction of Wallace's mind was that he had been barbarously murdered, on refusing to betray his trust. Wallace, who escaped, commanded one of the cruisers above mentioned; a Lieutenant Wright, of the *Conqueror*, on a vacancy occurring, was promoted to the other.— Thus, the identical Wallace, in conjunction with one bearing the name of his former unfortunate shipmate, was engaged in guarding the prison rock of Napoleon.

The telegraph system was brought to great perfection in St. Helena, from being so constantly employed. Look out posts were fixed on commanding heights round the borders of the island, communicating with others more centrally placed. Vessels were discovered at an almost incredible distance, in certain states of the atmosphere. Each post was furnished with a piece of ordnance; this was fired when a ship was perceived. As soon as her bearings and description were correctly ascertained, the information was conveyed from station to station by flags. The Governor and other officials were furnished, in the space of a few minutes, with a written report of the particulars.

When more than three or four ships were in sight, it caused what used to be termed a general alarm. The island militia or volunteers were

called out, the batteries were manned, and the troops on the alert at their respective stations.

An occurrence of this kind at night produced no slight commotion, and it sometimes arose from a frivolous or groundless cause.

I remember one ludicrous instance of this nature which put the whole population on the "qui vive," and gave a great deal of trouble.

Captain —, who then commanded one of the cruisers, had promised Lady Lowe that he would bring his ship on the following night off the harbour, in the front of the castle (as the Governor's town residence was named), and exercise his men at the guns, that she might witness the beautiful effect. Accordingly, about ten o'clock one dark night, he took up a favourable position, and opened his fire, blazing away broadside after broadside, to the terror and amazement of the uninitiated, for he had omitted to give any public notice of his intention, and even the Admiral himself was not aware of it.

The effect was a sudden and general alarm. Batteries were manned, regiments under arms; civilians hurried on their uniforms, and repaired from all directions to the rendezvous for their several volunteer companies. The flag ship was prepared to ship her cable, and the Admiral was on his way from the Briars, where he then resided, proceeding to embark and take command.

Various conjectures were afloat. The most prevailing opinion was, that an American frigate had engaged the —. The true state of the case being at length ascertained, the soldiers were dismissed to their barracks, and the volunteers returned to their homes, hoping that no other alarm might occur that night.

The only town in St. Helena is situated in a deep and narrow valley on the north-west side of the island. Opposite to this there is safe anchorage for a large fleet. In order to reach the harbour (the wind constantly blowing strongly from the south-east) ships are obliged to haul in as close to the nearly perpendicular rocks, at the east point, as they can with safety. Here is a battery called Banks's, immediately under which most vessels shape their course, not without first communicating by boat with the officer in command, whose sanction is necessary to pass them into the harbour. The captain of a ship of war, on his return from the Cape, having made the island late in the afternoon, thought it would be a good joke to take his vessel past this battery unobserved, and to bring her to her moorings unknown to the soldiers, who would be not a little surprised at daylight to find her there. This might be very amusing to the naval officer; but, had he succeeded, the unfortunate subaltern of artillery would have been brought to a Court Martial, and pro-

bably cashiered. Fortunately for him, he observed the manœuvre, and arrested the clandestine progress of the jocose captain, by sending a shot through the ship's side, between wind and water, which passed over the heads of several men, and convinced the captain of his mistake in supposing that he could so easily escape the vigilance of the St. Helena artillery.

The public mind has been much abused by the obloquies which have been heaped upon Sir Hudson Lowe, who, I am persuaded, if fairly judged, will be found to have discharged the duties of his highly responsible commission with uncompromising fidelity to the government, and with as much kindness to the "Detenus" as was consistent with the service entrusted to him.

The possibility of Napoleon's *escape* never entered his thoughts. To keep him in safe custody was the easiest part of the duty imposed upon him. His instructions were not confined to this, which might have been duly effected without a very rigid surveillance. But since the most important, as well as the most difficult matter committed to his management, was to prevent his holding correspondence with France, by which the machinations of his party would be fomented, and all Europe likely once more to be set in a blaze; how was this to be done?—certainly not by permitting him to have an unbounded supply of money to

bribe withal—nor by allowing him or his suite to despatch letters when they pleased—nor by admitting them to an unrestrained intercourse with the inhabitants. For, although an intimate acquaintance of so many years with these persons, enables me to say that the character of the East India Company's service, and of the old island families was above all suspicion, yet there were many ignorant persons of lower grade, to whom fifty or a hundred Napoleons would have proved an irresistible temptation. Indeed, it was said that a young man, without any ostensible means, suddenly gave out that he was going to England, and assumed a gayer dress than usual. He was allowed to make his preparations; at the last hour, on subjecting his waistcoat to a rigid inspection, it was found to be padded with paper, written on in ciphers. In spite of every precaution, a correspondence was maintained. At first, Napoleon in his rides used to scatter gold to every black boy that opened a gate for him, and, unrestrained, he might have bought the unqualified subjection of all that race, and of the Chinese also, who are great lovers of money, and of whom there were several hundreds on the Island, employed as mechanics or labourers; not to mention the danger to be apprehended from his tampering with the soldiers.

I rejoice to find that the public are likely to

have Sir Hudson's papers laid before them ; which will place his conduct in its true light, and enable men to excuse or condemn him, on something like fair grounds ; hitherto, the question has been one-sided, and the foulest assertions of his most bitter enemies have never been contradicted, except in private.

As to his popularity in the relation of governor to a colony, few have ever been more deservedly or warmly esteemed ; in proof whereof, I need only to refer to the enthusiasm with which he was received at St. Helena, on his return from Ceylon. He remained only two or three days, during which time the military, civil, and mercantile inhabitants unanimously strove to show him respect. Dinners were given at the mess and the tavern, without one dissenting voice. In proposing his health, which was toasted repeatedly, the speakers alluded to his justice and impartiality as a governor, and his liberality and kindness as a man. Lady Lowe's well-known charity and benevolence were also deservedly eulogised. Those who witnessed it will not soon forget a scene as gratifying to Sir Hudson, as it was creditable to the people of the Island, collectively and individually.

I have mentioned bullocks from Benguela: they were particularly wild and fierce, and carried horns of an enormous size; when a cargo of these was landed it caused a great sensation in the town.

One of these monsters, in its passage up the street, having broke away from its drivers, rushed into a small shop, and leaped over the counter in pursuit of a boy, who providentially escaped through a side door, leaving the bullock in undisputed possession. The animal, not having sufficient space to turn, was obliged to follow the direction of the counter, and came opposite to a small window; it was the only available outlet, he therefore dashed through it, scattering the bottles and toys with which it was decorated, and carrying the frame into the street, upon his huge horns.

A few yards from the spot, an elderly person who had the misfortune to be very deaf, was walking unconsciously along. The bullock rushed at him with the utmost fury; and the first intimation the poor man had of his danger, was, to find himself firmly fixed between the animal's horns, close to a high wall; against which, the length of the horns prevented his being smashed. He extricated himself with great coolness and skill, and managed to crawl away and seize the creature's tail, which had the effect of making him run forward, and the old man escaped, with very few trifling bruises. Not so his next antagonist. Proceeding rapidly up the Valley, he came to the gate leading into the Parade in front of the Officers' Barracks. Half a dozen men were at drill, for punishment, in heavy marching order. The corporal on duty, seeing the

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infuriated bullock enter the gate, & by the crowd who were pursuing it the men to take refuge behind a row were on one side of the Parade. obeyed, except one active young infantry company. He laughed and called them cowards. Having onet, he resolutely kept his ground, the bullock approached, called aloud, "Receive cavalry." Down he dropped his knee, bringing the butt of his piece holding his musket in the proper firm grasp, and steadily awaiting the bullock seeing him alone in the parade, walked for a few yards quietly then began to trot; and when within of the fool-hardy soldier, rushed forward. The impetuosity of the movement of the animal, were too great for man to resist. The bayonet stuck between the horns, sufficiently to it produced only a stunning effect. The brute drove the poor fellow with violence to the ground, for several yards, and finished him. A butcher arrived with assistance, managed to get the bullock and killed him on the spot. The man was taken to the hospital, dreadfully bruised, and paid for his rashness with his life.

In one of the subjoined Bills of Mortality, is recorded a case of "delirium tremens," the fearful consequence of drinking to excess, which reminds me of the following strange occurrence :—

A patient labouring under an attack of this kind, was brought to the Military Hospital. It was found necessary to shave his head, and to place him in a strait waistcoat. In a few days time his violence abated, the restraints were removed, and he was treated as convalescent. He remained very quiet until midnight, when he determined to make his escape. Soldiers in hospital were obliged to wear a particular dress; consisting of a night cap, trowsers, and loose gown of flannel. To attempt his purpose in these garments would be doubly hazardous; and would ensure his being brought back by the first non-commissioned officer he might meet, if he should effect his exit from the hospital. A seaman who had been recently sent from a vessel in the harbour, was asleep in the same ward. His jacket and trowsers being on a chair beside the bed, the madman cunningly possessed himself of these, leaving the hospital dress in exchange. Thus equipped, he flung off the cap which covered his bald head—managed to elude the sentry at the gate, and found his way about three miles into the country, over precipices of great difficulty and danger. Observing a light in the distance, he made *towards it*. It proceeded from the bedroom of a

young married couple, who had long retired to rest, and were asleep with their infant, a few months old, in a crib beside them. The cottage consisted of three rooms, each of which opened into a veranda, by a folding glass door. The soldier stealthily approached the one which shewed the light; cautiously turning the handle of the lock it readily opened; he entered the room, closed the door after him, and crept on all fours to the foot of the bed. The young and amiable mother hearing something stir, started up to look at the child. To her amazement and horror, she saw a bald head pop up and down every two or three seconds, at the foot of the bed. When she could convince herself of the reality, she awoke her husband, and seizing the infant, hurried out of the room to seek for help. The black servant was too much frightened to give any assistance; but a brother of the host, who had taken a shake down on the drawing room sofa that night, on hearing the alarm, seized an empty bottle, as the only weapon he could find in the dark, and hastened to the bedroom; here he found the maniac singing and capering about in a most grotesque manner, while his brother, armed with a sabre, was warning the man to keep at a distance, or he would cut him down. Finding that he was perfectly harmless, they listened to his rhapsodies for an hour or two, until a party came to march him back to the hospital. An oc-

currence so unexpected and alarming, was nearly fatal to the lady, whose nervous system received a shock, from which it took years to recover. The slightest allusion to the subject, after months had passed, would throw her into a state of violent agitation. At length the culprit was discharged from the garrison, and sent to England; which greatly tended to compose her mind, and I rejoice to say she is still alive; although I venture to believe, that the terror of that night, whenever it obtrudes itself, is the most painful of her recollections.

The soldiers of the two regiments, belonging to the East India Company, were for the most part, sober and orderly men. There were alas! a few fearful exceptions. Previous to the year 1808, the unlimited importation of Bengal arrack was allowed, or rather encouraged, for I believe the Company imported it. The "liquid fire," as it has been justly called, was issued in unrestricted quantity from the government stores, to the keepers of punch houses; who sold it to the troops, already heated by their daily ration of the same deleterious drink. The effects became so serious, and so scandalously demoralizing, that in 1808, General Beatson, the Governor, was authorized to put an end to the pernicious and dangerous system.

The importation of ardent spirits was prohibited—Cape wine was substituted for the allowance of

arrack, and the brewing of beer encouraged. The promulgation of these new measures excited a serious mutiny in the Garrison, which was quelled by the Governor's firmness; who caused several of the ringleaders to be executed, and steadily carried out his plan. Not a quart of spirits could be legally landed, without the special authority of the Governor and Council, one of whom must sign the permit; in addition to which, a heavy duty was levied. Still where there are drunkards, liquor at any risk will be provided; and often the greater the risk, the more determined are such characters to have it. A severe case of "delirium tremens" in the hospital, would set the authorities wondering where and how the spirits were obtained. I remember a remarkable instance of depravity in a carpenter, who put several pounds into his pocket by the following disgusting proceeding. A gentleman, on his return from India, died at sea; his friends, wishing to have his remains buried at St. Helena, which they expected to reach in a week or two, had the body deposited in a large cask of arrack, or rum. On the arrival of the ship, the cask was landed, and placed in charge of the undertaker; who engaged to have the remains carefully withdrawn, and duly laid in a suitable coffin for interment. This was done; after which, instead of seeing that the spirits were thrown away, he permitted (perhaps more through negligence than by intention) his man, or men, to do

as they pleased with it. It soon got to the soldiers; who, unconsciously, bought it at a cheap rate. Several were made ill by it, which led to the discovery of the facts, and the man who sold it was deservedly punished; until this came to my positive knowledge, I had considered the story of the sailor "tapping the Governor," to be nothing more than a joke.

ANECDOTES OF CHINESE.

The arrival of Napoleon caused a great demand for labourers and artificers; to meet which exigency, about 300 Chinese were imported, from Macao and Canton, who formed an interesting and useful portion of the community. From the habits and conduct of this handful of men, the refuse of an exuberant population, taken from the scum of the "Celestial Empire," one could scarcely be supposed to form a very correct estimate of the Chinese character. Still the majority of these, for cleanliness, industry, and subordination, were examples worthy of imitation. They were placed under certain regulations; were paid and rationed by the Government; a military officer was appointed over them, entitled "Superintendent of Chinese," and under him were a paymaster and a clerk. Those who were not required at the public works, individuals were permitted to hire; paying the wages to the paymaster monthly, and giving the

Chinese 15s. per month as approbation money, if they had behaved well. I hired for many years, a little fellow about five feet high, of the Tartar race, named Aloe, who was invaluable as a gardener. The attention he paid to irrigation, and the skill and judgment with which he conducted the water in open channels, for the purpose, always secured a crop of vegetables in the driest seasons. I wonder that in situations favourable to its adoption, this primitive method of watering plants, has not superseded the watering pot and garden engine.

I had three other Chinese, respectively named, Assam, Asseen, and Atchong. The two latter were quiet inoffensive labouring men; Assam was a tall and immensely powerful person. He was recommended to me by a neighbour, as an excellent cook, in which capacity he entered my service, and for a year or two, conducted himself tolerably well, with the exception of occasionally exhibiting symptoms of a morose and sulky disposition. These became more frequent, as he privately indulged in deep potations of Cape wine, which led to his dismissal. The immediate cause of our parting was as follows:—He had a favourite cat, which had been seen to catch and devour several ducks and chickens. In St. Helena, where poultry was always exorbitantly dear, and sometimes not to be had at any price, such a ruinous practice could not be winked at. I called Assam and stated the case

to him in Chinese English, thus:—"Hi Yaw! what for your cat make eat my chicken? No good fashion—no can do—must make send him away." To which he gave a grunt of dissatisfaction, and replied, "Me savey belly well; can do; me make send away." That evening the cat disappeared, and I concluded that he had given her to one of his countrymen. Several days afterwards, walking through my stable yard, I observed a basket in a secluded corner; on giving it a kick, it rolled on its side, and exposed an old rice bag to view. Fancying I beheld a slight motion in it, I untied the mouth of the bag; when lo! Assam's poor cat, in the last stage of starvation, unable to crawl, uttered the faintest possible cry. The monster had consigned her to this lingering death, in revenge for the slight expression of my anger.

I was subsequently told of a former exploit of his, which manifested the same passionate and cruel disposition. His master was particularly fond of the liver wing of a roasted fowl. One day a bird was placed before him deficient of this delicacy. He sent his servant to demand of Assam what he had done with it. The boy returned saying, "Assam says the fowl had got no liver." To which his master replied, "The rascal knows what's good as well as I do: he has eat it himself." The Chinese having followed the servant to the dining room door, heard these words. Filled with rage

and indignation, he seized a sharp knife, rushed out of the house towards the spot where an unfortunate hen of his own was sitting on a nest of eggs, just at the hatching point; cut her open, tore the liver from her living body, grilled it, and sent it to his master upon a hot plate.

A Chinese named Aping, who was employed in the Company's Stores, came to me one evening to request I would look at some copies which an invalid soldier had written for him, who professed to teach him to read and write, which he was very anxious to accomplish before he returned to China, as he proposed to do the following year. He was a remarkably clever and intelligent person, and had discovered that his tutor neither spelt, nor formed his letters correctly. I delighted him by engaging to become his instructor myself, if he would come to me two evenings in the week. In return for my lessons in reading and writing, he was to teach me Chinese! The result was such as might have been expected; he learned to read and write remarkably well, and I remained as ignorant as before. After he had finished his evening lesson, I endeavoured, but as it appeared without any good effect, to explain to him the nature of true religion. This would lead him to give some account of the superstitions, to which he had been taught from infancy to yield implicit faith: some of his tales of Giants, River Gods, and

Demons, equalled any I have read in the Arabian Nights. Speaking to him of the Omnipresence of the Deity—"Oh yes," he said, "it is all the same in my country." "Nay," said I, "your Joss is an idol, or a picture. He has eyes but he cannot see, he has ears but he cannot hear." "O yes," he replied, "I'll tell you how he does it—he has plenty of little Gods. At daylight each day, one of these, with a book and pen in his hand, takes his station at every door, at every fire place, at every bedside, in every house, and writes down all that he hears and sees. At Gunfire every morning, they fly up to Joss, give in their reports, and in an instant resume their stations." And of the truth of this, I believe he was thoroughly persuaded.

When the time arrived, which Aping had fixed upon, to return to China, he found out that a friend of mine was going to India by that route, in the same ship. Joyful at the discovery, he told me that he had saved four or five hundred dollars; but that when he arrived at Canton, the Mandarins would be sure to find it out, and squeeze them all out of him; I could do him a great favour and secure his treasure, by asking my friend to take care of the bag for him; and on his reaching Canton, to give it to one of the Company's Servants at the factory there, from whom he could get a few dollars at a time, without exciting suspicion. My friend readily agreed to this arrangement, and I have no doubt

that the poor man's wealth was duly secured from the rapacious clutches of the Chinese Aristocracy.

There were two or three Joss Houses or Temples fitted up with great taste, and at a considerable expense. Over the altar, was a large picture representing a portly old gentleman, seated in an arm chair; on one side of him stood an amiable looking youth, and on the other a hideous figure, with a demoniacal countenance: upon the table stood three small cups, which the Priest filled every night with strong tea, and pretended that Joss and his associates emptied them before morning. There were also three long sticks of incense burning before them. In front of the Temple, a few paces from it, stood two lofty poles, on which were displayed their peculiar triangular flags; and on certain occasions, long pendants. At the foot of these poles, incense was generally burning, and the masonry in which they were fixed, was carved to represent some hideous monster. The walls of the Temple were covered with pictures, and splendid lanterns hung suspended from the roof. Attached to the walls I observed long stripes of red paper, marked with Chinese characters; on asking the Priest the meaning of them, he said, that when a Chinaman had a dream concerning the relations whom he had left behind, which led him to fear they were sick, or dead, or in trouble, he paid him a rupee or a dollar, for which fee he engaged to ascertain the

true state of the case, by consulting Joss; and that the stripes of paper contained the names of the various applicants, who were almost always made "too muchee glad," by the nature of the information thus procured.

"You speak to that picture," said I, "and the picture answers you." "O yes," he replied. "Well," I continued, "I know you are not such a fool as to believe it yourself; but you are an arrant rogue, and a very wicked man, to cajole your poor countrymen by such foolery. But what are these books?" I asked, observing four on the table at the right of the Idol. "O, welly good book," said he. To my amazement I found they were the four gospels, in Chinese, by Dr. Morrison, who had lately touched at the Island, and had distributed several copies among the Chinese. On enquiring how they came there, his reply surprised and gratified me, as it shewed more good sense, and propriety, than I before believed him to possess. Many of the Chinese, according to his own account, were very bad men. He found them tearing these books, in order to roll up a small quantity of tobacco in the paper, as they are accustomed to do, for smoking. He told them it was a "bad fashion," and persuaded them to exchange them with him for an equal quantity of the same description of paper, which had no good words on it.

The Priest began to rise in my esteem: taking up St. Luke's Gospel, in which, (thanks to my

lessons from Aping) I was able to turn to chapter and verse, asking first if he could read, and getting a reply in the affirmative, I directed his attention to the 16th Chapter, and desired him to begin at the 19th Verse. He began to spout aloud in a sing song style, when I stopped him, by saying, that may be very good Chinese, for aught I know, but I dont understand it. Tell me in English, what it is all about; whereupon he gave a correct account of the rich man and Lazarus. On my asking what he thought of it—He replied, “Welly good—all same in China—good man go up top—bad man go down below.” This man could read; he had the book of life before him, with time at his own disposal, for as priest, he was excused from all work; and who can tell what effect has been produced by this time, on his mind and conscience. It is a question of grave and serious import, how far a christian colony was justified in permitting the erection of temples for idol worship, and further, in paying and feeding Priests to sacrifice to Devils!

Of vegetables there was generally no lack; which, in quality, were not surpassed by any in the home markets. The prolific nature of the soil may be estimated by reference to the following Gardener’s calendar, published on the Island in 1832:—

“JANUARY.—When you have a command of water, sow and plant cauliflowers for an after crop; also peas and French beans; plant potatoes; grapes, figs, oranges, and China peaches, are now beginning to ripen.

“FEBRUARY.—Plant more potatoes; sow turnips, carrots, cabbages, celery, lettuce, onions, &c.

“MARCH.—Sow peas, beans, spinach, and lettuce, every fortnight, for a succession.

“APRIL.—Sow turnips, carrots, radishes, mustard, chervil, onions, red cabbages, and savoys; pomegranates and island peaches are now ripening.

“MAY.—Plant cabbages and savoys; sow cauliflowers, lettuces, &c., to plant out the following month.

“JUNE.—This month is favourable for transplanting trees, both forest and ornamental shrubs; sow beans, peas, cabbage, lettuce, spinach, &c.

“JULY.—Plant cabbages, cauliflowers, and potatoes; vines should be pruned this month. This month is the best in the year for planting forest trees, the holes for which should be prepared at least a month back.

“AUGUST.—Plant potatoes, sow turnips, carrots, celery, lettuce, &c.; vines not pruned last month, should now be finished, and the cuttings planted if young plants be required. Plant fruit trees, also bud and graft.

“SEPTEMBER.—Plant potatoes, onions, beans, water melons, and pumpkins; sow early cabbages, carrots, salad, and parsley; this is the best time for sowing all small herbs, and, in the higher situations, for transplanting fruit trees.

“OCTOBER.—Sow lettuces, turnips, peas, beans, red and white beet, cucumbers; plant cabbages, and potatoes.

“NOVEMBER.—Plant French beans and cucumbers; vines should have all superfluous young shoots that have not shown fruit taken off, and strong shoots topped—it will much forward the fruit; care should be taken to keep them free from caterpillars.

“DECEMBER.—Plant French beans, peas, cauliflowers, and cabbages; sow melons, cucumbers, &c.”

From the above, it appears that potatoes might be planted six different months in the year. The farmers derived their principal income from the sale of this esculent: a large Bengal ship, full of passengers, would take from 20 to 50 bags, at the rate of 15, 18, or even 20s. per bag, containing about two bushels. When it is remembered that four or five hundred ships annually touched at the Island for water and vegetables, the crews of which in the aggregate amounted to 13,000 men, it may be supposed that farming produce of all kinds, and especially potatoes, would be in great request, and find a ready market.

The cultivators had many enemies to contend against. To small proprietors the potato crop was their all; and the progress of it to maturity was watched with great anxiety. In a particularly dry season, hosts of grubs would assail the young shoots as they appeared above the ground, and cut them off just below the surface. If they escaped the grubs, and rain were withheld, the potatoes would prove of diminutive size; or just as they were putting forth their flowers, myriads of caterpillars would, in a brief space, change the brightest promise into disappointment. In this latter case, I have known a crop saved by borrowing flocks of ducks and turkeys, turning them among the potatoes, and thus speedily reducing the number of caterpillars.

The following census of the population of St. Helena was taken in the year 1839:—

Under 10 years.		Between 10 & 20		Between 20 & 30		Between 30 & 50		Upwards of 50.		Total.
Males.	Females.	Males.	Females.	Males.	Females.	Males.	Females.	Males.	Females.	
675	675	397	509	264	388	409	348	321	219	4,205

Of this number 2238 resided in James Town, being rather more than half the population of the Island.

From the subjoined Bills of Mortality, for the years 1831 and 1833, some idea may be formed of the healthiness of the climate:—

		1831	
Accident	1	Dropsy	2
Apoplexy	3	Epilepsy	2
Asthma	1	Gout	1
Bleeding	2	Inflammation of Bowels	2
Bowel Complaint	3	Inflammation of Lungs ...	1
Brain Fever	2	Liver Complaint	2
Childbed	2	Old Age	9
Cancer	1	Scurvy	1
Consumption of the Lungs	7	Water on Brain	5
Convulsions	12	Worm Fever	3
Debility	2	Not ascertained	13
Decline	6		—
Disease of Heart	1	Total	84

AGES.			
Under 1 year	21	From 20 to 40	20
From 1 to 6 years	9	From 40 to 70	24
From 6 to 12	1	From 70 to 99	7
From 12 to 20	2	Total	84

Inhabitants	62
Garrison	16
Strangers	6

Total 84

		1833	
Apoplexy	1	Disease of Heart	1
Consumption	10	Disease of Liver	2
Convulsions	6	Rickets	1
Colic	2	Scurvy	1
Croup	1	Water on the Head	3
Delirium Tremens	1	Weakness of Birth	4
Diarrhœa	7	Old Age	10
Dysentery (Chronic)	3	Accidents	3
Dropsy	3	Not ascertained	14
Elephantiasis	1	Suicide	1
Fever (Low)	2		—
Fever (Worm)	2	Total	80
Gout	1		

AGES.		1833	
Under 1 year	... 16	From 20 to 40	... 23
From 1 to 5	... 5	From 40 to 70	... 18
From 5 to 10	... 5	Above 70	... 9
From 10 to 20	... 4	Total	... 80
Inhabitants		65
Garrison		6
Invalid Company		2
Strangers		7
Total		80

Superficies of St. Helena in acres, 30,300.

Height of Diana's Peak above the level of the sea, 2,697 feet.

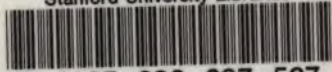
Long Wood, about 1,730 feet.

Ladder Hill, 600 feet.





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